

# MONTHLY PANORAMA.

MARCH 1810.

## MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

THE pen of the contemporary biographer is so liable to be influenced by prejudice, by partiality, or by interest, that we experience, almost involuntarily, a suspicion of the motives, if not of the sentiments of the writer. One man is a partizan, the other an opponent—the religion of one author, the politics of another—personal disappointment or personal expectancy—the gratification of a hostile or an amicable feeling—all, with their innumerable collaterals, modifications and results, combine against the memorialist, as well as the subject of the memoir. But this difficulty, at no time a trivial one, is peculiarly enhanced, when the person selected for delineation, is taken, as in the present instance, from the highest rank of society, from the very first order of politicians. On such occasions panegyric and censure are equally suspicious. In England, where there are so many trading statesmen and trading authors, such representations are received with caution, and read with reasonable deductions. The invective of one man is counteracted by the praise of another.—Between attack and exculpation, abuse and flattery, the *great man* has generally justice done to his character. But in Ireland, the obstacles with which the contemporary biographer is compelled to struggle, are almost insurmountable. Placed

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upon a narrow, but crowded theatre, addressing a people, divided in their religious tenets, and in their political propensities, jealous of England, distrustful of each other, and only uniting in their detestation of the UNION, he is sure that whatever sentiment of a *decisive* nature he ventures to express, (and none others are worth expressing,) to encounter the reprobation of some party. The freedom of language with which the people of England speak of their rulers is denominated constitutional, bold, and dignified—the same language in Ireland, would be called incendiary, seditious and even treasonable. The loyalty of Junius was never questioned; Swift, because he attempted to vindicate the cause of Ireland was said to be a rebel in his heart. In short every Irishman who is not the panegyrist of the men in power, is numbered by their hollow and disloyal flatterers among the disaffected. There is no such thing ever thought of in Ireland as a ministerial and opposition party—this constitutional division of the talking and writing politicians is not recognized in the House of Commons, or in the publications of the day. No, the parties are, according to Mr. Grattan, French and English—loyalists or traitors. It does not occur to the daily authors and nightly orators that there is such a thing in Ireland, as an **IRISH PARTY**—a party who love their native soil better than they do France or England—that this party is the most powerful, because the most intelligent in the country. It does not occur to these geniuses that there is as much intellect of Irish growth in the British Empire, as there is of English, and that the political views of a genuine Irishman, are as liberal and as prudent as that of any politician, who drains his modicum of information from a no-popery pamphlet, or from a treasonable tract—from the bigotted effusions of Duegenan and Gifford, or from the obscure or frantic follies of Cox or Taaffe. Such a man is jealous of England, but he abhors France. He knows that his country has been misruled by the former, but by the latter he is convinced she would be ruined. He grieves for the corrupt predominance of the one, but he trembles at the interminable misery which would be imposed by a connection with the other. He despises the insulting mummery of the

old loyalist, and the trite and taudry addresses of the lives and fortunes of men ; but he detests the revolutionary cant and maniac policy of those who would plunge the country into the horrors of a civil war. As an Irishman of this stamp, the writer proceeds to sketch the following brief outline of the political life of CHARLES LENOX, DUKE OF RICHMOND.

The ancestor of his Grace is well known to be one of the most jovial monarchs that ever filled the British Throne. His connection with the court of France, while his country was at war with the king, is indefensible. Yet Charles the Second had many amiable, and many popular qualities. Insincere, crafty, ungrateful and corrupt ; he was nevertheless sociable even to familiarity, humourous to grossness, and extremely affectionate to his dearer and more immediate connections. He was more a wit among kings, than a king among wits. As a politician he was the most mischievous, as a king the meanest of mankind— as a man he was generous and tender—the best of brothers, the most affectionate of parents. The maternal ancestor of his Grace was Louisa de Querouille, a lady described by the historians of the time as one of the most fascinating of her sex. Such was the opinion which the French Monarch entertained of her talents and attractions, that he selected her for the purpose of *seducing* the amorous and inconsiderate Charles. The calculations of Louis were correct. He knew the man against whose honor and country he was conspiring, and the woman to whose management he had committed the design. The English Monarch became enamoured, and Louisa of course, was generous. Here, however, let it not be understood that we cast any wanton imputation on the character of this woman. She was French, and the noblest families in France would feel themselves honoured by delivering a sister, a daughter, or even a wife to the arms of a king. The court of Charles was still more licentious, and let it be recollected, that Louise was one of the most unexceptionable of his mistresses. The first Duke of Richmond obtained that title at the age of three years, in 1675—The present

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is great grandson to that nobleman. An amusing, if not an important, narrative might be given of the characters, actions and politics of the different branches of this family, if the nature of our miscellany would admit a protracted statement. Those who delight in chamber anecdotes we refer to the memoirs of the Count de Grammont. But as our intention is more of a political than private nature, and as we do not find any of the family, except the late duke, distinguished, as a politician, we willingly omit transcribing names from the peerage, or noting the alliances or intrigues of the founders of the family. The late duke had strong talents, and an original cast of mind. Although at the head of the Ordnance from 83 to 95, his Grace was a strenuous assertor of popular measures. He was not only an enthusiast in the cause of reform, but even an advocate for universal suffrage. His letter to the Volunteers of Ireland upon the subject, will be inserted in every future history of this province. Not changing his opinion, when Mr. Pitt deserted his principles, the Duke was found in opposition in 1789, at the period of the king's illness. His nephew, however, Charles, the present Lord Lieutenant, took a decided part with the minister on that memorable occasion. And here let it be recorded to their mutual honor, that Colonel Lenox though so intimately connected with the late duke, always voted with the minister, and that his uncle nevertheless constantly returned him for the county of Sussex.

His Grace is the eldest surviving son of Lord George Lenox. He was born in the year 1764, and is said to have given very early indications of a decisive and generous character. Attached to the sports of the field and to athletic exercises, Mr. Lenox spent his youth among the nobility of England, and was welcomed into every company as a young man blessed with a most amiable temper and totally devoid of affectation or hauteur. But amenity of disposition and good humour are more compatible, perhaps, with exalted spirit and vigorous determination, than the stoicism and frigidity of deportment so often mistaken for dignity and wisdom. At all events the conduct of Colonel Lenox

has demonstrated that high personal energy may exist in a character without \* \* \* \* pretension ; or that swagger, egotism and unfatigued puffing for which *the family* are so pre-eminently conspicuous. On the occasion to which we have just alluded, the king's illness, Colonel Lenox had a personal difference with the Duke of York, who with great animation espoused his brother's cause against the British Parliament and Mr. Pitt. The consequence was a message and a meeting, which had nearly proved fatal to his Royal Highness. Although we are far from coinciding in the justice of his political views on this subject, it is impossible to withhold the meed due to his sincerity and spirit. His life, independant of the risk he incurred from his Royal Highness's pistol, was exposed, in case of accident, to the most imminent peril. The duel itself was an overtact of treason, and fell within the capital penalties of the statute. The matter, however, much to the credit of the Royal Duke, was accommodated, and the parties were soon restored to terms of familiarity.

About this time colonel Lenox paid his addresses to Lady Charlotte, eldest daughter of his Grace the Duke of Gordon. The Duchess was well known to be a spirited partisan of Mr. Pitt, and the indisposed monarch. Whether the conduct of the young officer on the occasion just mentioned, recommended him to her Grace ; or whether she had in prospect the ducal coronet of Richmond, for her darling and amiable daughter, we shall not pretend to decide. It is certain that Colonel Lenox was favourably received by the family, and after the usual period of courtship in high life, was made happy by the hand of the blooming Lady Charlotte. This, although the usual language on such occasions, is to be understood in a more precise and positive sense, than the meaning generally attached to a vague and complimentary phrase. The Duke of Richmond has indeed been blest with one of the most affectionate of wives—by one who conceives that exalted rank is no excuse for a woman to neglect her domestic duties, and who in the round of festivity and dissipation, which it is political and expedient for her to support while in the Irish Metropolis, never forgets that she has mater-

nal duties to discharge, nor that the education of her children demands her personal superintendance.

Although he was for a long time in parliament, and though he visited this country in 98 with his regiment, the political life of the Duke of Richmond may be said to commence with his lieutenancy in Ireland. A short time before the removal of the Bedford administration, his Grace, on the death of his uncle, came to the title and honors of the Dukedom. He was immediately selected by the ministry to succeed that nobleman in Ireland. Neither the deportment of the Duke of Bedford, nor the manners of his beautiful duchess were popular, yet belonging as he did to a party who were always supposed favourable to the cause of this country, his *récal* produced the bitterest disappointment. The mean, mercenary, and mischievous intrigue by which the Grenville administration were removed—the unprincipled yell of No-popery, excited by one of the first ministers of the crown—the abuse heaped upon the supporters of Catholic Emancipation, and the *fact* that the ministry were dismissed, because they wished to allow the Catholic who fought the battles of England, the rights of the Church in which he was born and educated—these things could not be popular in a country, the population of which is Catholic. Accordingly no Lord Lieutenant, since Earl Fitzwilliam's time left this country so much regretted as the duke of Bedford, and none, not even Lord Camden, was received with such a pre-determined spirit of hostility, was looked upon with such jealousy and distrust as the Duke of Richmond. People saw in him the instrument of that odious, and now happily tottering party, who, for the purpose of obtaining their corrupt ends of emolument and power, did not hesitate to fling the brand of theological dissention among their countrymen, while a gigantic foe, glorying in their distractions and imbecility, was thundering at their gates. Nothing, in a word, could be more odious than the principle, to which the duke owed his lieutenancy, and by a natural deduction, no one could be more unpopular than the man.

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A singular instance of this we recollect upon their Graces' first visit to the theatre. A very faint effort of applause was attempted, but it would have been totally ineffectual if the gallantry of the Irish nation did not overcome its resentment on the entrance of the Duchess. Yet, after all, how different was the reception to the enthusiasm manifested on the last appearance in public of their Graces of Bedford!

We dilate upon these circumstances to show how much moderation, personal suavity and good sense can effect in Ireland. For in spite of his connection with the Percevals—in spite of the principle which placed him upon the vice-regal throne—in spite of the confidence placed in persons supposed unfriendly to national rights, the Duke of Richmond is perhaps one of the most popular chief governors we ever had in Ireland. We are not apt to panegyrize in general, and we are particularly cautious in praising the great and powerful;—but it would be a breach of the candour which we cultivate, and a violation of the integrity which, we trust, will regulate our public conduct, to withhold from the Duke the applause his judicious and conciliating administration so richly deserves. He had more prejudices to overcome than any Lord Lieutenant ever sent to Ireland. Those he has subdued by the most masterly conduct, and without any apparent effort. Our next number shall contain a concise review of his administration, and will fully explain the paradox of his merited popularity.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE MARRIED MISTRESS.

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THAT impudence is the general concomitant of vice we are taught by the daily experience of common life.—There is always an obtrusiveness in the conduct and manners of the worthless and the

the profligate, from which a virtuous character would shrink with the most sensitive abhorrence. The woman of virtue and the man of worth rather avoid than solicit observation; the affection of those friends to whom they are endeared by their virtues, and the silent testimony of a tranquil conscience, are sources of happiness for which the meretricious splendour of a court, or the glare of public notoriety, would afford a poor and inadequate compensation. But the wicked and depraved are but too happy if they can find a momentary refuge from self-reproach in the bustle of a crowd, and the venal exclamations of the rabble. Such artifices, if they do not always afford a remedy for the "rooted sorrows" of the vicious, may sometimes give plausibility to cunning, and conceal the defects of a damaged reputation. We accordingly find the mistress of a thousand lovers, the *Phryne* of a metropolis, expose herself in all the prominence of display to the gaze of a theatrical mob, or the impertinence of lounging connoisseurs.

Of these truths, if any corroboration be required, it would only be necessary to mention the name of the lady whose past conduct entitle her to our present notice. She had long been an appendage to the house of \* \* \* \* \*. With the character of the late—— the public is well acquainted. His good nature led him into indiscretions, from which it was not always in his power to extricate himself without an unwilling sacrifice of honour or principles.

If of such a character the virtues cannot be received as an apology for the vices, we are afraid that still less indulgence could be granted to the lady who so long participated his favours, and is now supposed to engross the favours of a husband. After his death it might have been expected that the surviving party would have been anxious that the world should forget the disgraceful circumstances which attended her connection, and that she would have expiated her former error by the *privacy* of legitimate union. But her ladyship was not willing to be made a common *honest woman*, without using every possible means of giving

giving publicity to so unexpected and extraordinary an event. After due notice and preparation, however, the marriage ceremony was actually solemnized, between \* \* \* \* \* and \* \* \* Not content, however, with the eclat that attended the celebration of their union, it is asserted that there is still another means of publicity to which they intend to have recourse, and that her \* \* \* is on the day of the next *drawing room* to be presented to the Duchess. It is added that on this occasion she will at once eclipse the splendour of even Lady Clare in the profusion of diamonds, and astonish even those who have been the most frequent witnesses of fashionable extravagance. From this last act of folly and impudence we anxiously advise her. It is yet time for her to retreat; the path of obscurity still lies open for her choice, and she may yet, by timely retirement, outlive the indignation of the virtuous, and the ridicule of those who have persuaded her, for mere purposes of amusement, to this final act of imprudence and vanity. But if she will presume to emblazon her own infamy by thus publicly reminding the world of the circumstances that attended her degradation, and deviation from virtue, she will find too late that even rank is no protection from disgrace; and that there is a degree of effrontery beyond which even the most adventurous violators of modesty and decorum may not step without exemplary punishment. She might surely have remained satisfied with losing the opprobrium of a mistress in the appellation of a wife, without wishing to obtrude her person into the presence of the Queen's representative, who as she is herself a patron of conjugal virtue can feel no other emotions than disgust at the devoirs of a female who can only be considered as a *married mistress*. We know not with what feelings her——will approach the avenues to the Irish court, of which virtue and decorum are the brightest ornaments: but we may at least be allowed to prophecy that, if she puts her design in execution, the remainder of her days will be passed in the agonies of unavailing mortification and repentance.

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## MEMOIR OF MISS SMITH.

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THE "Fragments in Prose and Verse" of this extraordinarily ingenious and most excellent young Lady have been lately published in two Volumes; of which one is nearly filled with "some account of her life and character, by H. M. Bowdler." The remainder of the 1st volume is occupied by an *Appendix*, consisting of letters, also illustrative of the life and mind of Miss Smith: of these the chief are from her mother to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, and to Mrs. H. Bowdler; and from them we proceed to extract the leading particulars, for the gratification of our readers.

Miss Smith was born at Burnhall, in the county of Durham, in December, 1776.

At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she engaged in, which marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to leave an elder brother and younger sister to play and amuse themselves, while she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her; from a very babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions; whatever she did was *well done*, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years.

"In the beginning of 1782," (says Mrs. Smith) "we removed into a distant country, at the earnest entreaty of a blind relation; and in the following year, my attendance on him becoming so necessary as daily to engage several hours, at his request I was induced to take a young lady, whom he wished to serve in consequence of her family having experienced some severe misfortunes. This lady was then scarcely sixteen, and I expected merely

ly to have found a companion for my children during my absence; but her abilities exceeded her years, and she became their governess during our stay in Suffolk, which was about 18 months. On the death of my relation in 1784, we returned to Burnhall, and remained there till June in the following year, when we removed to Piercefield. In the course of the proceeding winter ELIZABETH had made an uncommon progress in music. From the time of our quitting Suffolk, to the spring of 1786, my children had no instruction except from myself; but their former governess then returned to me, and continued in the family three years longer. By her the children were instructed in French, and in the little Italian which she herself then understood. I mention these particulars to prove how very little instruction in languages my daughter received, and that the knowledge she afterwards acquired of them was the effect of her own unassisted study.

" It frequently happens that circumstances apparently trifling determine our character, and sometimes even our fate in life. I always thought that ELIZABETH was first induced to apply herself to the study of the learned languages, by accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. BOWDLER acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, purposely to read the Holy Scriptures in the original languages. In the summer of 1789, this most excellent woman, with her youngest daughter, spent a month at Piercefield, and I have reason to hail it as one of the happiest months of my life. From the above-mentioned visit I date the turn of study which Elizabeth ever after pursued, and which, I firmly believe, the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight in.

" At the age of thirteen, Elizabeth, became a sort of governess to her younger sisters, for I then parted with the only one I ever had, and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid.—This degree of information, so unusual in a woman, occasioned no confusion in her well-regulated mind. She was a living library; but locked up except to a chosen few. Her talents were ' like bales unopened

opened to the sun ; and, from a want of communication, were not as beneficial to others as they might have been ; for her dread of being called a learned lady caused such an excess of modest reserve as perhaps formed the greatest defect in her character.

“ When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piercefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many consequent privations. Of the firmness of her mind on that occasion, no one can judge better than yourself ; for you had an opportunity to observe it, when, immediately after the blow was struck, you offered, from motives of generous friendship, to undertake a charge which no pecuniary considerations could induce you to accept a few months before. I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost ; on the contrary, she always appeared contented ; and particularly after our fixing at Coniston, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy.

“ I pass over in silence a time in which we had no home of our own, and when, from the deranged state of our affairs, we were indebted for one to the kindness and generosity of a friend ;\* nor do I speak of the time spent in Ireland, when following the regiment with my husband, because the want of a settled abode interrupted those studies in which my daughter most delighted. Books are not light of carriage, and the blow which deprived us of Piercefield, deprived us of a library also. But though this period of her life afforded little opportunity of improvement in science, the qualities of her heart never appeared in a more amiable light. Through all the inconveniences which attended our situation while living in barracks, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind at the age of nineteen, made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye, at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost.

“ In October 1800, we left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England ; in the hope that by

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\* Mrs. MORGAN, now Mrs. GEORGE SMITH.

strict economy, and with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, we might yet find something like comfort ; which the frequent change of quarters with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to feel, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention we invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country.—We passed the winter in a cottage on the banks of the Lake of Ullswater, and continued there till the May following, when we removed to our present residence at Conister. This country had many charms for ELIZABETH. She drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful, often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night she was always more cheerful than usual ; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired, and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected ; there was a scrupulous attention to all the minutiae of her sex ; for her well regulated mind, far from despising them, considering them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed ; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world ; no human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation of God and of her own conscience were the only rewards she ever sought.

“ Her translation from the Book of Job was finished in 1803. During the two last years of her life, she was engaged in translating from the German some letters and papers, written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock.

“ In the summer of the year 1805, ELIZABETH was seized with a cold, which terminated in her death ; and I wish the cause was more generally known, as a caution to those whose studious turn of mind may lead them into the same error. I will give the account as she herself related it, a very short time before she died,

died, to a faithful and affectionate servant who first came into the family when my daughter was only six weeks old.

“ One very hot evening in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, where I seated myself on a stone beside the leak. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew ; till in a moment I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake, and work very hard, to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain, but it did not.

“ From that time, a bad cough, with occasional loss of voice, gave me great apprehension of what might be the consequence if the cause were not removed ; but no entreaties could prevail on her to take the proper remedies, or to refrain from her usual walks.” This she persisted in, being sometimes better and then a little worse, till the beginning of October.

About this time, Miss Smith accompanied her mother on a visit to Bath ; and thence to Sunbury ; but finding no amendment in her health, they returned to Conisten, where Miss Smith expired on the 7th of August, 1806, aged 29, and was interred at Hawkshead. The following account of her death is given by Mrs. Smith, in a letter to Mrs. H. Bowdler :—

“ I shall have a melancholy pleasure in complying with your request, and will begin where my last letter ended. TURPIN slept in a room only separated from my beloved child by a board-ed partition, and so close to her bed that she could hear her breathe. On Wednesday morning TURPIN told me she was much the same, though the sweet sufferer herself said she was better. I went to her, as usual, the moment I was out of bed, and was struck with the change in her countenance. On-feeling her pulse, I was persuaded she could not continue long. She told me she was better, and

and would get up. She did so, and was cheerful when she spoke, though it evidently increased her pain, and difficulty of breathing. When she coughed or moved, she seemed to be in agony. She took nourishment as usual, and on my asking what book I should read to her, she mentioned Thomson's *Seasons*. I read *Winter*. She made many observations, and entered entirely into the subject. About three o'clock Mrs. DIXON called, having come with a party to see the Lake. ELIZABETH said she should like to see her. Before she went up stairs, I requested she would feel the pulse, which I was persuaded indicated the termination of her sufferings before many hours. She entered into conversation cheerfully. Mrs. DIXON told me that she thought I was mistaken; that her pulses were not those of a dying person, and she was of opinion that she might last some time. So much were all deceived, who did not watch every turn of her countenance as I did! The apothecary came afterwards. He thought her in great danger, but could not say whether immediate, or not. At nine she went to bed. I resolved to quit her no more, and went to prepare for the night. TURPIN came to say that ELIZABETH entreated I would not think of staying in her room; and added, 'she cannot bear you should do it, for she says you are yourself unwell, and rest is necessary for you.' Think of her sweet attention! I replied, "on that one subject I am resolved; no power on earth shall keep me from her? so go to bed yourself." Accordingly I returned to her room, and at ten gave her the usual dose of laudanum. After a little time she fell into a doze, and I thought slept till one. She then took some mint-tea. Her breath was very bad, and she was uneasy and restless; but never complained; and on my wiping the cold sweat off her face, and bathing it with camphorated vinegar, which I did very often in the course of the night, she thanked me, smiled, and said, 'that is the greatest comfort I have.' She slept again for a short time; and at half past four asked for some chicken broth, which she took perfectly well. On being told the hour, she said, 'how long this night is!' She continued very uneasy, and in half an hour after, on my enquiring if I could move the pillow, or do any thing to relieve her, she replied, 'there is nothing for it

it but quiet ;' I said no more, but thinking that she was dying, I sat on the bed, watching her.—At six she said, ' I must get up, and have some mint-tea ;' I then called for TURPIN, and felt my angel's pulse ; it was fluttering, and I knew I should soon lose her. She took the tea well. TURPIN began to put on her clothes, and was proceeding to dress her, when she laid her head on the faithful creature's shoulder, became convulsed in the face, spoke not, looked not, and in ten minutes expired."

The character of Miss Smith is thus briefly summed up by Mrs. Bowdler, in a letter to Dr. Mumssen :

" Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive my dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection : but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with Geometry, Algebra, and other branches of the Mathematicks. She was a very fine musician. She drew Landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She shewed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain ; but I believe she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards, gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition ; elegant modest, gentle, and affectionate ; nothing was neglected, which a woman ought to know ; no duty was omitted, which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety, which seemed always to raise her above this world, and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and

its pleasures almost without regret ; and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation—For some years before her death the Holy Scripture was her principal study, and she translated from the Hebrew the whole book of Job, &c. &c. How far she succeeded in this attempt I am not qualified to judge ; but the benefit which she herself derived from these studies must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness, the sweet attention which she always shewed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world, ‘ where (as one of her friends observes) her gentle, pure, and enlightened spirit will find itself more at home than in this land of shadows, &c. &c.’

To this Dr. M. replies in a letter from which we select the following paragraph :—

“ The account you gave me of the extraordinary character of your late angelic friend, has filled my breast with admiration and awe. I have read your letter with tears. So many accomplishments, natural and moral ; so much of science, erudition, and eminence of rare talents, combined with grace, with gentleness, and all the virtues that adorn a female mind ! It is wonderful, and cannot be enough admired. Great, indeed, must have been your happiness in the possession of this treasure.—Alas ! the gentle spirit that moved her tender limbs is soon divested of its mortal garment, and gone to join its kindred Angels !

“ Vattene in pace, Alma beata e bella !”

But I think her happy in this our period ; for what can be more fortunate on earth than to fall into the hands of the virtuous : and, free from the contact of a corrupted race, to make her passage over our unlucky planet pure and immaculate, and with the robe of innocence appear before her Creator ? To taste all the sweets

of science and art, and, having satisfied all honest desires, remove from the feast of life with gratitude—'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!"

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## DUBLIN FASHIONS.

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AS the due regulation and taste of female adornment is become a matter by no means trivial or insignificant ; and as a pleasing exterior, or an appearance at once elegant and prepossessing, carries with it abundant and important consequences, we shall not hesitate in future to appropriate a small portion of our Work to this favourite topic. Fashion, in this country, is so completely free from all restraint and is left so decidedly at the will of individual invention, that we are frequently puzzled, if not overpowered, by the multiplicity of her offerings. Unshackled by the forms of *distinction* or *law*, she constructs at pleasure ; and each varying whim or caprice, and each effort of invention, is conceived and executed with the magic quickness of genius, directed only by fancy, and guided only by taste. It is thus that we see, even in trifles, the effect of that freedom and liberty which is the glorious privilege of Irishwomen. No arrogating command now enjoins a compulsory *costume*. He, who can pay for his coat, may chose at his pleasure ; and she, who has taste and invention, may exercise them at her will.—Under all these advantages can we wonder at the rapid progress made by our females in this branch of their acquirements ?

Amidst the present articles of adornment, there are none which embrace more utility, elegance and fancy, than the Spartan Robe, Calypso Mantle, Alpine Coat, and Chinese Hat. Although there are divers other articles in this line, such as the simple plain Pelisse, Cottage Cloak, Cossack Coat, and Spanish Spencer, &c. ; yet as these are not of such novel repute, nor of such elegance in themselves, we shall forbear a delineation, and

and confine our subject to a description of the first mentioned: and to such remarks as from their distinguishing particulars, come more immediately within the limits prescribed to this branch of our work.

The Spartan robe is most tastefully adapted to the female of a commanding and dignified figure. It is formed of azure velvet, and flows loose, in the Turkish style, from the shoulders to the feet. It is ornamented with a most beautiful border of the snow-drop, composed of white velvet, traced, and blended with silver; and has a short Roman sleeve trimed to correspond. The under-dress is a plain white satin slip, trimed with thread lace at the feet; over which is a Grecian vest of white grossamer net, wrought in small snail-work of silver, and terminating just below the knee with a border, similiar to that which decorates the robe. Ornaments of pearl and a wreath of silver jessamine, with studded leaves of green foil round the hair, which is waved across one side of the forehead, and falls in glossy ringlets on the other, fastened behind with a small comb of fine pearl. Jubilee slippers of white satin, ornamented with silver, and fan of finely carved amber.

This dress is strikingly elegant, and particularly adapted for the higher order of full dress. Gowns are now considered exceedingly fashionable, composed of cloth, velvet, double shot-sarsnet, and spotted Jubilee silk. They are cut high in the neck behind, and rounded nearly to a point in front of the bosom, from whence, to the feet, they are closed with gold filagree buttons of the cone form. The sleeve to these robes are often worn long, with cuffs of antique lace, and a double frill of the same round the neck, which is otherwise ornamented with a border of gold embroidery. When the sleeve is short, it is usually formed in the melon, or Circassian style, with embellishments of gold lace. No lady appears in full, or evening dress, without an occasional shelter from positive or partial air. These appropriate appendages consists of the Pilgrim's Tippet, of satin or fur, the Gossamer Scarf, Swansdown Tippet, and Shawl of embroidered French or Chinese silk.

In the construction of Morning Dress there is little novelty. The Provincial Jacket, the cambrick tunic and petticoat, with French wraps of coloured shawl muslin, and Cottage Gowns of coloured bombazeen, are severally adopted by our fair fashionables, for the humble order of habiliments. There is an infinite variety in Morning and Half-dress caps, hats, and bonnets. They are too numerous and fanciful to admit of a particular description; yet we cannot allow the Chinese Hat, of recent and novel introduction, to pass unnoticed. It is formed in the true Chinese style, of coloured velvet, cloth, or tissue; is ornamented with black feathers, and gold cord and tassels. It possesses much singularity, and a sort of *outré* elegance, which confines it entirely to the carriage *costume*. The Calypso Mantle is an article of much tasteful distinction. The one we contemplated, was formed of spring-green velvet; it occupied in length, about three parts of the figure, was rounded behind, and flowed loose on one side, discovering a vest and long sleeve; on the other, it was long and wide, and wrapt occasionally round the person in front, or otherwise was restrained by the arm, over which it hung in picturesque folds, exposing a high military front, composed of black velvet and frogs. The whole of the mantle was lined with white sarsenet, and edged with a narrow black velvet. We have scarcely witnessed an article in this line displaying so much elegance and taste.

The Alpine Coat comprises much utility and simplicity. It is alternately formed of velvet, Merino cloth, or double sarsenet, lined entirely through with skin. The trimmings and ornaments usually consist of spotted ermine, blue fox, or sable, differing only in their adaption to the colours, or articles of which the coat is composed.—Nothing can be better calculated to defend the fair pedestrian from the effects of a winter atmosphere. It wraps completely over the chest on one side, so as to meet the gore-seam on the other, where it is imperceptibly united by small gold or steel snaps; and relieved by the loose flowing *demi-robe*, which commencing at the back of the shoulder, descends to the feet, presenting an additional wrap of defence against an occasional severity

severity of the season. The sleeves are made very wide, and the cape pointed; the collar high, and rounded, with a double plaiting of scalloped lace on the inside, so as at once to form, and preclude the necessity of a frill for the throat. The waist is by no means increased in length, except by a very few eccentricks, (vulgarly called Kinnegads,) who court attention by the adoption of singularities; and the bosoms and backs of full dress robes are, we think, considerably advanced; still, however, the shoulders are much exposed.

The long train seems quite exploded. Many Evening Dresses are worn of a walking length, and *none* exceed the short, or *demi-traine*. Sandals, for full dress, have been lately re-introduced; and are now seen to blend with the imperial slippers of satin or kid.

Gold and bright amber, scarlet, purple, and green, seem the most distinguishing colours for the season.

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#### ANECDOTES OF DEPRAVITY.

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##### PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES.

AMONGST the mal-practices of the last century may be reckoned the private mad-houses. At first view such receptacles appear useful, and in many respects preferable to public; but the avarice of the keepers, who were under no other controul than their own consciences, led them to assist in the most nefarious plans for confining sane persons, whose relations or guardians, impelled by the same motive, or private vengeance, sometimes forgot all the restraints of nature, and immured them in the horrors of a prison, under a charge of insanity.

Turlington kept a private mad-house at Chelsea; to this  
L 3 place

place Mrs. Hawley was conveyed by her mother and husband, September 5, 1768, under pretence of their going on a party of pleasure to Turnham Green. She was rescued from the coercion of this man by a writ of *habeas corpus*, obtained by Mr. La Fortune, to whom the lady was denied by Turlington and Dr. Riddle; but the latter having been fortunate enough to see her at a window, her release was accomplished. It was fully proved upon examination, that no medicines were offered to Mrs. Hawley, and that she was perfectly sane. This fact might be supported by the cases of Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Durant, &c.

Mr. Turlington having, in defence of the proceedings of this house, referred himself to Mr. King as the person entrusted and employed by him, the committee of the house of Commons thought it necessary to summon him. Mr. King said he had been in the wool trade, but for six years past he had been employed by Mr. Turlington to keep his mad-house; that he had received no written directions from Mr. Turlington; that he found several patients in the house on his being employed, and all lunatic; that since his being employed he had admitted several for drunkenness, and for other reasons of the same sort alledged by their friends or relations bringing them, which he had always thought a sufficient authority. As to the treatment of persons confined, he said, that they had the liberty of walking in the garden, and passing from one room to another; and as to their diet and apartments, he said, it was according to the allowance they paid, which was from 20l. to 60l. a year. He admitted that he knew Mrs. Hawley; that she was confined at the representation of a woman who called herself her mother; and that the reason alledged by her for the confinement of her daughter was drunkenness. He said, that he did not remember that she was refused pen, ink, and paper; but at the same time acknowledged it was the established order of the house, that no letter should be sent by any of the persons confined to their friends and relations."

Dr.

Dr. Battie, celebrated for his knowledge in cases of insanity, related the case "of a person whom he visited in confinement for lunacy, in Macdonald's mad-house, and who had been, as the Doctor believes, for some years in this confinement. Upon being desired by Macdonald to attend him by the order, as Macdonald pretended, of the relations of the patient, he found him chained to his bed, and without ever having had the assistance of any physician before; but some time after, upon being sent for by one of the relations to a house in the city, and then told, Macdonald had received no orders for desiring the doctor's attendance, the doctor understood this to be a dismission, and he never heard any thing more of the unhappy patient, till Macdonald told him some time after that he died of a fever, without having had any further medical assistance; and a sum of money devolved upon his death to the person who had the care of him."

#### QUACKS.

The man who, without experience or education, undertakes to compound drugs, and, when compounded, to administer them as remedies for diseases of the human body, may justly be pronounced a dishonest adventurer, and an enemy to life and the fair prospects of his fellow-citizens. Quackery is an antient profession in London, as well as in Dublin. Henry VIII despised them, and endeavoured to suppress their nostrums by establishing Censors in Physic; but we do not profess to meddle with them before 1700.

"At the Angel and Crown, in Bassing-lane, near Bow-lane, lives J. Pechey, a graduate in the University of Oxford, and of many years standing in the College of Physicians, London: where all sick people that come to him may have, for sixpence, a faithful account of their diseases, and plain directions for diet and other things they can prepare themselves; and such as have occasion for medicines may have them of him at reason-

able rates, without paying any thing for advice ; and he will visit any sick person in London or the liberties thereof, in the day-time, for 2s. 6d. and any where else within the bills of mortality for 5s. ; and if he be called by any person as he passes by in any of these places, he will require but 1s. for his advice."

The ridiculous falsehoods of Quacks have long been detested by the sensible part of the community ; but every thing that has been said and written against them avails nothing : thousands of silly people are yet duped, nay, are bigoted in their belief of the efficacy of nostrums.

Of all the inventions for the amendment and recovery of the human frame from disease and death, none equals the Dutch stiptic, seriously mentioned in the *Supplement*, printed by John Morphew, April 27, 1709 ; but which we suspect proceeded from the waggish pen of Mr. Bickerstaff, or some other wit, who sent their effusions to the publisher of the *Tatler*. "There is prepared by a person of quality in Holland a stiptic water ; for the receipt of which, exclusive of all others, the French king has offered 150,000 pistoles ; but the proprietor refused to take the same. It was tried upon a hen, before his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, on board the *Peregrine* galley. The feathers being all plucked from her head, a large nail was drove through her brains, gullet, tongue, &c. and fastened her head to a table, where it was left near a minute ; after which, drawing out the nail, and touching the part immediately with the aforesaid stiptic, she was laid upon the deck, and in half an hour's time recovered, and began to eat bread. Several as extraordinary experiments have been made upon dogs, cats, calves, lambs, and other animals, by cutting their guts in several places, the nut of the thigh, and other parts ; and it is affirmed, that this stiptic cures any part of the body except the heart or bladder."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS THAT RATHER EXCITE MIRTH THAN  
REPREHENSION.

A weekly Paper, entitled the *Dutch Prophet*, was published at the commencement of the century. The author, in one of those, gives the outlines of each day in the week as employed by different persons ; it is a filthy publication, and the following is almost the only decent part.—“Wednesday, several shopkeepers near St. Paul’s will rise before six, be upon their knees at chapel a little after ; promise God Almighty to live soberly and righteously before seven ; take half a pint of sack and a dash of gentian before eight ; tell fifty lies behind their counters by nine ; and spend the rest of the morning over tea and tobacco at Child’s Coffee-house.”

“ Sunday, a world of women with green aprons, get on their pattens after eight ; reach Brewer’s Hall and White Hart Court by nine ; are ready to burst with the spirit a minute or two after, and delivered of it by ten. Much sighing at Salters Hall about the same hour ; great frowning at St. Paul’s while the service is singing, tolerable attention to the sermon, but not respect shewn at all to the sacrament, &c. &c.

These extracts inform us, that tradesmen were in the habit of attending matins, which is certainly not the case at present ; that they breakfasted upon sack and the root gentian now after 100 years they breakfast upon tea, and never chew tobacco, nor do many of them enter the coffee-house once in a year.

The effect of the Queen’s proclamation against vice and debauchery in 1703 is thus noticed by *Observator* in his 92d number ; some of the customs of the lower classes may be collected from the quotation. He says, the vintners and their wives were particularly affected by it, some of the latter of which “had the profit of the Sunday’s claret, to buy them pins, and to enable them every now and then to take a turn with the wine-merchant’s

chants's eldest 'prentice to *Cupid's* garden, or on board the *Polly*. The whetters are very much disengaged at this proclamation, who used on Sundays to meet in their parade at the Quaker's meeting house, in Gresham-street, and adjourn from thence to the tavern back-door to take a whet of White and Wormwood, and to eat a bit of the cook-maid's dumpling, and then home to their dinner with their dear spouses, and afterwards return to the tavern to take a flask or two for digestion. They tell me, all the cake-houses at Islington, Stepney, and the suburbage villages, have hung their signs in mourning: every little kennel of debauchery is quite dismantled by this proclamation; and the beaux who sit at home on Sundays, and play at piquet and back-gammon, are under dreadful apprehension of a thundering prohibition of stage-playing."

The Grand Jury, empanelled July 7, 1703, renewed their presentment against the Play-houses, Bartholomew Fair, &c. and clearly demonstrated that the elasticity of vice had recovered from its temporary depression by the weight of justice. Upon this presentment, *Heraditus Ridens* made the following observations, which will point out a new scene in the customs of the Londoners:—

"*Ernest.* But the Grand Jury tell you, in their presentment, that the toleration of these houses corrupts the city youth, makes them dissolute and immoral, and entices them to take lewd courses.

"*Jest.* I am sorry to hear the citizens' instructions bear so little weight with them, and am apt to think they are not so exemplary in their lives and conversations as they have been supposed to be. Would their masters keep a strict hand over them, there would be no reasons for complaints; and I dare be persuaded, there is more debauchery occasioned by pretending to eat custards towards Hampstead, Islington, and Sir George Whitmore's in a week, than is possible to be brought about by a play-house in a twelvemonth."

If any advertisement frequently published about this time may be credited, dram-drinking prevailed rather more than a sound moralist would have approved of.—Mr. Baker, a book-seller in Mercer's Chapel, offered his nectar and ambrosia, “prepared from the richest spices, herbs and flowers, and done with right French brandy ;” and declares that, when originally invented, it was designed only for ladies’ closets, to entertain visitors with, and for gentlemen’s private drinking, being much used that way ; but, becoming more common, he then offered it in two-penny drachm glasses, which were sold, inclosed in gilt frames, by the gallon, quart, or two-shilling bottles.

One of the customs of the police of 1708, was the sending a constable through the streets at night, with proper assistants, to apprehend offenders of all descriptions, but particularly idle men, who were immediately dispatched to the receptacles of this species of recruits for her Majesty’s service ; but it was a hazardous employment ; and one of those peace officers, named Dent, lost his life in endeavouring to convey a woman to Covent-Garden watch-house, by the cuts and stabs of three soldiers, who were all seized, and committed to Newgate. The above Mr. John Dent was buried at St. Clement’s Danes, March 24, 1708—9, when a sermon was pronounced by Thomas Bray, D. D. Minister of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and afterwards published under the title of “The good Fight of Faith, in the cause of God, against the kingdom of Satan,” by desire of the justices and the societies for the reformation of manners, who were present at the solemnity.

Mrs. Cratkenthorpe, the *Female Tatler* of 1709, justly reprehends the practice of pew-opening for money during divine service ; and thus describes “A set of gentlemen that are called sermon tasters : They peep in at twenty different churches in a service, which gives disturbance to those united in devotion ; where instead of attention, they stare about, make some ridiculous observations, and are gone.” And the same lady informs us, that the fashionable young men were quite as much at a loss how to

kill time as those of the present day; they played at quoits, nine-pins, threw at cocks, wrestled, and rowed upon the Thames. Nor were ridiculous wagers unknown: they betted upon the walking Dutchman; and Mrs. C. adds, that "four worthy senators lately threw their hats into a river, laid a crown each whose hat should swim first to the mill, and ran halloving after them; and he that won the prize was in a greater rapture than if he had carried the most dangerous point in Parliament."

To this valuable *Tatler* we are indebted for an illustration of the *male* shop men of 1709; and we will consent to be accounted *ignoramus* if it can be proved that the shopmen of 1809 are not an improved race. "This afternoon some ladies, having an opinion of our fancy in clothes, desired us to accompany them to Ludgate hill, which we took to be as agreeable an amusement as a lady can pass away three or four hours in. The shops are perfect gilded theatres, the variety of wrought silk, so many changes of fine scenes, and the mercers are the performers in the opera; and, instead of *vivitur ingenio*, you have in gold capitals, 'No trust by retail.' They are the sweetest, fairest, nicest, dished-out creatures; and, by their elegant address and soft speeches, you would guess them to be Italians. As people glance within their doors, they salute them with—garden-silks, ladies, Italian silks, brocades, tissues, cloth of silver, or cloth of gold, very fine mantua silks, any right Geneva velvet, English velvet, velvet embossed. And to the meaner sort—fine thread satins both stripped and plain, fine mohair silk, sattinets, burdets, Persianets, Norwich crapes, anterines, silks for hoods and scarfs, hair camlets, druggets, or sagathics, gentlemen's night gowns ready made, shalloons, durances, and right Scotch plaids.

" We went into a shop which had three partners: two of them were to flourish out their silks; and, after an obliging smile, and a pretty mouth made, Cicero like, to expatiate on their goodness; and the other's sole business was to be gentleman usher of the shop, to stand completely dressed at the door, bow to all the coaches that pass by, and hand ladies out and in.

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"We saw abundance of gay fancies, fit for Sea-captains' wives, Sheriff's feasts, and Taunton-dean ladies. This, madam, is wonderfully charming. This, madam, is so diverting a silk. This, madam—my stars! how looks. But this, madam—ye gods! would I had 10,000 yards of it! Then gathers up a sleeve, and places it to our shoulders. It suits your ladyship's face wonderfully well. When we had pleased ourselves, and bid him ten shillings a-yard for what he asked fifteen: Fan me, ye winds, your ladyship rallies me! Should I part with it at such a price, the weavers would rise upon the very shop. Was you at the Park last night, madam? Your ladyship shall abate me sixpence. Have you read the *Tailler* to-day? &c.

"These fellows are positively the greatest fops in the kingdom; they have toilets and their fine night-gowns; their *chocolat* in the morning, and their *green tea* two hours after; Turkey polts for their dinner; and their perfumes, washes, and clean linen, equip them for the parade."

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## THE DUBLIN SATIRIST.

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THERE are few axioms to which we who live under a free government more readily assent, than to that which identifies a perpetuity of our rights with the liberty of the Press. It has been the theme of so many pamphlets; the burthen of so many paragraphs, so many speeches have been made upon its blessings in the House and on the Hustings, that we think no more of examining its justice, than we do of enquiring into the credibility of our creed. We regard both as almost equally sacred; and as we resent an attack upon the one as an insult to our religious feelings, we repel an assault upon the other as we would an enemy seeking to violate our political rights. This sentiment is doubtless, generous, and upon the whole, perhaps just. The great latitude allowed, or to speak more accurately, the privilege exercised

exercised by the press, has given a tone of boldness and decision to the language, and of energy to the character of these islands, which have not been paralleled in modern times. Hence it is, that without possessing more talent than our continental neighbours, without exhibiting finer specimens of genius than have issued from the French, Italian, or even German Press, the *tone* of English literature is much more exalted, its deportment more stately, and its pretensions more magnificent. Instead of the sly anecdote and the ingenious intrigue, the whispered sentiment, in which "more is meant than meets the ear," and the naked story left to your own inference, in which French historians and their political writers abound, we have in English authors an undisguised attack upon the first characters in the state, upon prime ministers, and even upon the king's sons. This is the lineament which marks their resemblance to the great models of antiquity—the vigorous and democratic feature which exalts them above all their contemporaries.

But with this liberty have been introduced a licentiousness frequently unprincipled, and a vulgarity that is always degrading. This alloy is unavoidable, and perhaps even necessary. It is hurtful to the taste of the country, but it is wholesome to the constitution. If there were not such deductions—if the Press always spoke freely, forcibly and virtuously, it would soon become too powerful for the reigning authorities. The struggle at all events would generate anarchy, and of course, finish in despotism. Nor is it the law of libel, and the restrictions which are placed upon the Press, as Mr. Sheridan chooses to suppose, that retard this consummation. The Press itself supplies the antidote. The baseness and venality of some connected with the ephemeral publications, counteract, in the mind of all moderate and quiet men, the impression made by the more disinterested and independant. These low writers, while they degrade the party they espouse, cast a general stain upon the profession. Who is there, for instance, although fully disposed to allow the manliness and merits of Mr. Wardle, that will not turn with disgust from the nefarious and contemptible libels published

against

against the Duke of York by Hague and others of that filthy tribe? The politics and conduct of Sir Francis Burdett are regarded by many with alarm and enmity—yet is there a man of common intellect, feeling, or *taste*, who does not loathe the abominable and lying tirades of some of the newspapers against his character and designs? These are the inevitable consequences of a free press, and it is such writers as those that have rendered many temperate and virtuous men inimical to its exercise. This may be natural—but it is not just. It would be as fair to charge the Christian Doctrine with the enormities of its professors, or the British Constitution with the corruptions practiced in parliament, as to lay the venality and turpitude of some of its mean retainers at the door of all connected with the Press. If there were no Christianity, no Constitution, or no Press, vice would, however, as it has hitherto done, exist in unabated rankness. By those institutions it has been compelled to assume other less offensive forms. For there is not a crime against mankind that has not been committed under the masque of religion, and scarcely one against the rights of men and the cause of freedom that has not been practiced under the forms of the other. Still no one, but the paltry philosophists of the French Revolution, ever recommended the abolition of the one, and none but the no less paltry anti-jacobines ever advised the abridgment of the other. Would you cast a tree into the fire, because it had a decayed branch? or would you pull down a magnificent edifice, because a petty irregularity occurred in its proportions?

But as the evil is unquestionably of a crying nature, as the most base and dastardly and inhuman conduct is pursued by some individuals connected with the press, how, it will be asked, are we to remedy the misfortune? how repel the injury? how punish the criminal? Few, comparatively speaking, have the means of recurring to the press in their own defence. This mode would certainly be the most effectual; for when truth is allowed fair play, it must always succeed. But where is the man not professionally connected with the press, that has time or ability to resort to this method? The law then? Doubtless

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the penalties which a Court of Justice can inflict, are severe and exemplary; but where again is the man that would willingly go to law? Independant of its expense, there are few who would incur the anxiety of a suit, and none who would not shudder at the indiscriminate exposure necessary in an action of the kind. Are we then, it will be asked, tamely to submit our character to any ruffian who can hold a pen? Now before we answer this question, we must premise that character does not suffer from these attacks so much as is generally supposed. They are brutal, it is true, but they are, if possible, more feeble still. The atrocity of the libel is fully counteracted by the meanness of the manner. Like certain reptiles in the Natural World, they possess all the ugliness, and communicate all the horror of the serpent tribe without their virus. Or perhaps we should rather say, they are charged with the virus without the ability of emitting it. Indeed it is scarcely possible to conceive any thing so completely destitute of talent of every kind, so paltry in subject, so vulgar in allusion, and so poor in stile as the *Dublin Satirist*. Meagre and miserable as it is, however; mean, even below contempt, and too wretched even for a passing sneer, it has not only inflicted many a wound upon domestic peace, but has invaded the decencies of the female character.

The infamous notoriety it has attained by the foul and ruffianly slanders with which its pages are loaded, induce us to pay that attention to a few of its subjects which the intrinsic demerits of the libel could never have provoked. The task of reviewing such a work is more disgusting, and at the same time more difficult, than from the superficial and malignant nature of the book, one would be inclined to imagine. But these are the very circumstances that render the task difficult. In describing sheer nonsense, or nauseous vulgarity, or imbecile malice, it is impossible to avoid a sameness of expression. Trash, whether innocent or noxious, we must still call trash—and an assassin, whether he uses a pen or a knife, we must still denominate an assassin. Where all is monotony of malice—where all is virulence without vigour, and rancor without effect—punning without a point,

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and invective without a sting, it is impossible, we say, to give that variety to our strictures, and that amusement to our readers, which, if we had any sophistries to detect, or any talent to struggle with, we might hope to convey. *The Satirist* presents us with no stimulous to exertion—an uniform surface of stupidity and malice, unilumed by a single ray, is a cheerless prospect to a reviewer, and one sufficiently mortifying to his pride. But the mosquito must be destroyed, as well as the more formidable reptile.

In looking over the first number of this publication for the purpose of singling out some article to analize, we were really fatigued with the pointless insipidity and lazy sameness of the stile. It commences with some common places about the buildings in Dublin, tells a drawing story about a duellist, and gives us some heavy babble, concerning Nelson's Pillar and Sackville-Street. The next object of the writers satire is a club of a few bearded boys, who assembled some time ago, under the auspices of our worthy Sheriffs, to talk nonsense and render themselves ridiculous—But the “Lyceum;” as it was called, was as unworthy of observation, as a school-boy's spouting, and would as soon have roused a Satirist of any dignity, as the cackling of so many gossips. These, however, are the respectable quarry which the *Dublin Satirist* pursues, and indeed it is for such mean subjects nature seems to have formed him.

The next article is a libel upon Mr Thomas Moore, the translator of Anacreon, and a celebrated amatory poet. Without being puritanically given, and with as little affectation of superior morality as any men can have, we confess that to the general tenor, and exaggerated colouring in which this gentleman delights, we have strong, and indeed insuperable objections. No base obscenity, it is true, no revolting indecencies, as in the *Satirist*, stain his pages, or shock the delicacy of such men, for we will not speak of women, as are not libertines in grain—but there is an insinuating licentiousness, a lubricity in stile and imagery, a sly and poisonous prurienty, which, instead of being softened down and allayed, by the neatness, naivete and elegance of his

manner, acquire from these very attributes additional means of mischief. But Mr. Moore was only just not a youth when many of these poems were written. Many of these are vivid and beautiful, though imprudent, we will not say, immoral pictures, of a passion just opening into maturity, and of a fancy just breaking through the trammels of boyhood, and launching with unbridled and unthinking impetuosity upon the ocean of literature. Where is the young man of ardent imagination and lively passions, who has ever paired a couplet, or rounded a stanza that has not been guilty of similar indecorums? Look at the Juvenile Poems of any man, not a mere mechanist and manufacturer of rhymes, and you will find that for sins of this kind they have generally to answer. Not to resort to the poets of antiquity, who are not certainly, in this instance, to be taken into account, what effect have modern manners had, with all their refinement, on the bold and untutored imagination of the youthful poet? As the writer of this libel upon Mr. Moore, (for, if we mistake not, he was once in College) has, in all probability heard of the Juvenile productions of Theodore Beza, of that man who was the greatest ornament to literature, and the church, which the sixteenth century could boast, we would advise him to turn to his pages, and to learn charity. We are not the advocates of what appears to us indefensible in Mr. Moore's productions—but, leaving poetic merit out of the question, for in this there can be no comparison, we solemnly declare, that we would prefer being authors of what might be called the most immoral of Mr. Moore's poems, than to be accused of a single couplet in the mean and miserable lampoon of *Cutch-a-cutchoo*. Does the Satirist understand us? That an impure and vulgar rhymer may burst with envy at the distinguished success which Mr. Moore's Poems have experienced—that such a man may turn pale at the honourable welcome with which he is received in every company, we can very easily conceive—but that a man of an honourable profession, and of the habits, at least, of a gentleman, should herd with a conclave of miscreants and dunces, should allow his name to be whispered as a partner in the firm, should employ that time in eluding the law, which ought to be devoted to its cultivation, and should utter

slanders as mean in execution, as they are execrable in design, surpasses, we own, all the degradation we conceived it possible even for *envy* to submit to in the gratification of its paltry vengeance. The stile of this libel is, like the rest of the catch-penny, beneath criticism.

When we began these observations, it was our intention to examine *seriatim* every distinct piece of scandal contained in its nauseous pages. But the task, even if we had nerve to read all the atrocious follies, and stupid licentiousness with which it abounds, is superfluous. The dullness is so monotonous, the malice is so vulgar, that, as we hinted before, we should incur the risk of repeating ourselves at the conclusion of every sentence. What, for example, could we say, of the infamous attack upon a lady in Sackville-Street, but that they were penned by a cowardly and unprincipled ruffian—by a fellow totally unacquainted with polite life, and more incapable of the manners he professes to describe than a common footman. As to the severity, in the next article, of calling a poor blind harper, *Puddy*, and the dignity of satirizing the rider of an English Jeweller, it only proves the station in society these people hold. This, indeed, is the scandal of the pot-house, and these worthies are the heroes of the Apollo.

With respect to the libel on Sir Jonah Barrington, we were we own, surprized, at the displeasure he evinced. The thing is poor and paltry beyond description. It manifests doubtless, in every phrase, “a turn to be abusive” but it does not possess in a single instance, “the power of being severe.” How Sir Jonah’s feelings could be hurt by a creature who talks of Pill-Lane, in the vernacular idiom of that region, we cannot conceive. He has terrified the Cerberus, however, into silence, and he is not likely to hear more abuse from that quarter.

The strictures upon the stage scattered through the four numbers of the *Satirist*, are shallow, indiscriminative and indistinct. The sneer, though malvolent is feeble, and the attempt at humour, though desperate and gross, is more miserable still and mean.

mean. There is no point in the entire—all the efforts of the writers to make one are fruitless. They go round and round without even touching the meaning, they talk “about it and about it,” without telling us what it is—they beat the bush for hours together without starting a single thought. There is nothing that you can fasten upon, nothing that you can recollect, antitheses without opposition, malevolence without severity, and criticism without reasoning—all is rank vulgarity, and the verriest *slang* of the galleries and stews. Such, however, is the state of our Theatre, that with a few exceptions, we think the performers worthy of no better critics, than the wretched scribblers whom we deem it our duty to chastise. What for instance can be more paltry than to abuse poor Belzoni’s exhibitions, or to single out Mrs. Duffe and Miss Dyke as subjects for critical remark?

After toiling with a disgust scarcely endurable through the first number of this wretched farrago, it will not be expected that we can regularly examine every vulgar, malignant, and stupid article contained in the remaining months. A critique, on one article, is sufficient for the entire. A dull, unvaried round of malice without satire, and of dulness unrelieved by a single stroke of generous feeling, supplies no topic for comment but one, and cuts off the possibility of discussion. There is nothing upon which to reason—there is little variety in the character of a villain—and none in that of a dunce. All that you can say of the one is that he is banished from the society of honest men; that he ~~flashes~~ your purse, or robs you in the street, or commits murder, or murders your character—and that his punishment should be the pillory or the pumping stool, Sidney Cove or the New Drop. With respect to the other, nature has punished him sufficiently by pouring gall into his heart, and mud into his head—by combining bitterness of temper with poverty of intellect, and by uniting a disposition to detract with constitutional cowardice. Such a wretch is driven to some dirty corner for the gratification of his dirty passion—detested and despised, he flatters himself that he is still unknown. But as a nuisance, however, carefully concealed, ~~must~~ from its nature, lead to a discovery—so has the pollut-

ed den of this vindictive and dastardly gang been discovered. Their persons are marked, and the brand is already preparing for their brows.—But what can creatures like these suffer by exposure? what even by a goal? We lament indeed that a man who should practice an honourable profession, who bears a *name dear to every patriotic Irishman*, should involve that name in indelible disgrace, and bring irreparable ruin on his character by lending his small knack at turning a period to a crew so blasted, by mingling with a banditti, who have all the qualities, except the courage, of bravoes. *He* surely, though not rich, does not want his breakfast—*he* is not under the necessity of penning paragraphs in the news-papers to encourage the sale of his *nic-nackery*, or jettonian fluid. Although he may write a nasty lampoon, or pointless satire on the bar, he surely cannot expect to share much profit on the sale of a filthy pamphlet, upon which four or five hungry wretches must feed. It is shocking to think that a man educated like a scholar, in the habits, if not with the feelings, of a gentleman, should enrol himself with the most worthless and the meanest of mankind.

As to the unfortunate man who hires out his mistress, for we do not believe that the woman is his wife, to the embraces of the casual suitor, his being enrolled with a gang of characterless vagabonds can cause no surprise. The union is natural—the sympathy is genuine. It is natural that a man who panders, and for money, to the appetites of a stranger, should aid in preparing the bowl for that stranger's life, or in aiming the dagger at his character. It is characteristic in the man who prostitutes the female with whom he lives, to prostitute himself. He has no feelings to violate—no honour to lose. To such a being invective is serviceable, because it raises him for a moment from depravity and dirt. But contempt is too generous a feeling, and scorn too feeble a one to exercise towards a reptile “whom it were gross flattery to call a man.”

That, with a single exception, the Satirists are a herd of low, illiterate wretches, is abundantly evident from a perusal of their compositions. Yet it is strange, though not less a poet that

that one of their purveyors if not an actual manufacturer, is of a profession, which leads him continually into the houses of respectable citizens, and makes him particularly conversant with the younger and female branches of such families as require his *tuning* powers. But to this gentleman we may have occasion to return hereafter, as well as to *three* others whom our limits will not allow us this month to describe with that detail which their merits so peculiarly demand.

The very title, as well as the appetite for scandal, and the thirst for novelty which distinguish great cities, gave the first, and perhaps the second number of *The Satirist* a considerable circulation—but people began to be disgusted, and the sale, we are assured, instead of being able to support the Editor, the Spy and the Runner, some of whom have no other visible means of livelihood, will scarcely pay the paper maker, the printer, and the publisher. The two latter stand in circumstances the most desperate. It is really amazing how any men could venture upon such a hazardous speculation—could expose themselves to the abuse, and what is more to the legal actions, which lie against them for almost every page in that infamous production. There is not a line for instance, in the mean and unmanly attack upon her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, or in the gross and scurrilous insinuations thrown out against the Marquis of Huntley, that is not actionable. We do not say that great personages are to be passed over without observation, or if need be, without censure. We would even laugh at their eccentricities and amuse ourselves with their follies. Nay, if we mistake not, there are few women who would bear a joke better than the Duchess of Gordon, because few know better how to provoke one. She has wit herself, and can tolerate its exercise in another, even though it should be personal. Exalted in rank as she is, she acknowledges the aristocracy of talent. She knows that it is not merely to her ducal coronet she owes the elevated connections she has formed for her daughters—or the sphere in which she has moved through life. Other duchesses have been more wealthy, and even as dignified in point of

of antiquity, but where is the duchess of them all, that has filled so much of the public eye?—where is the woman whose influence has been so powerfully, nay politically experienced? in a word, where is the woman who has aggrandized her family so completely? These are her works, and every candid man must do homage to her abilities.

What can such a woman think of the gallantry of this nation when a scurrilous ruffian abuses her almost as soon as she set foot on our shores; and does not hesitate to traduce her son, one of the most spirited and generous nobleman in Europe? This is not flattery. We echo back the public voice, when we assert that the *Marquis of Huntly* is the darling of the army, and what we value him still more for, is the pride of his countrymen. He is a genuine Scot—he loves his highlands, he loves the capital of his native kingdom; and while the *Irish Lord* is lounging at Watering places, or whiling away his insipid existence in the lobbies of the opera house, or on the flags of Bond-street, the *Marquis of Huntly* is coursing his paternal hills, visiting the hardy mountaineers of his clan, and teaching them by his example to prefer their inclement skies, and romantic scenery to all the delights and temptations of the luxurious South. How different is this Marquis, how different indeed are the Scotch nobility in general, from those of Ireland. Upon the Duke of Gordon's estates we never hear of rack-rents, of little litigation, or of middle-men. His tenants are content under the patriarchal sway of their natural lord—they fear not the tythe prector, that curse and cause of most of the miseries of Ireland, nor the middle-man, that driver of Irish negros—they fear not the con-acre or the canter, or the parson, or the priest, or the trading justice who lives upon the litigation of the poor, or the exciseman who deprives them of the means of making their rent by the sale of some miserable small beer. No they have a resident nobility to whom they look up, a nobility whose presence makes them loyal and contented. The Marquis of Huntly is one of those and we shall never hear a Scot dispraised, but we shall take an opportunity of comparing his conduct to an Irishman placed in a similar situation.

## THE DRAMA.

—0000—

The stage I choose, a subject fair and free,  
 'Tis yours, 'tis mine, 'tis public property,  
 All common exhibitions open lie  
 For praise or censure to the common eye ;  
 Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed,  
 Here purchased critics earn their daily bread ;  
 This is a general tax which all must pay,  
 From those who scribble down to those who play.  
 Actors, a venal crew, receive support  
 From public bounty for the public sport.  
 To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,  
 The cobler's and his lordship's are the same.  
 All join for their subistance, all expect  
 Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.

CHURCHILL.

This canon in Theatrical criticism, which has been so often quoted, and to the justice of which the public in general have so readily assented, has been questioned by the players, and decided, as far as an Irish Jury can decide, against the rights of an audience, and the freedom of discussion. By the public prints it appears that a man of the name of Dwyer undertook last summer to perform with Mrs. Jordan—that he failed in giving satisfaction, and that a Weekly Paper, more remarkable certainly for the severity and bitterness of its observations, than for candour or justice, animadverted in very opprobrious terms on the incapacity of the actor. This was followed by some imputations on Dwyer's private character the next week—and for this criticism and for these imputations, an action was brought by the Stroller, as he appears to have been, or by the Manager, as it is reported, we cannot say how truly, of the Crow-street Theatre. Two hundred pounds was recovered against the printer, and the costs of suit. Now, God forbid that we should question the verdict of the jury, or arraign the impartiality

impartiality of the Judge's charge. But neither the opinion of the Judge nor the verdict of the Jury closes the subject against discussion. It is a question between the players and the public, and the former are very much mistaken, if they suppose it will have the effect, at least on the conductors of this Miscellany, of abating their vigilance, or of diminishing their severity. How it may operate upon our contemporaries, we will not pretend to conjecture—but we will venture to declare, that if it acts as a narcotic or stifler—Mr. Jones may sweep the provincial theatres of England for *stars* and *heroes*, and, with the exception of one actor or actress perhaps, the national theatre will be filled by a set of vagabonds, (we use a legal phrase) that would not be suffered to play in a country barn, without permission of “his Worship, the Mayor.” At the same time we deprecate, as unnecessary, the invasion of private character; not that we are such sophists, or such convenient moralists, as to separate the public from the private merits of any individual—they are, and they ought to be blended. But as the character of the stage, has never been famous for purity, we think it completely superfluous to call this man a libertine, or that woman an intriguer.

Besides a Journalist descends from his station, when he descends to call such a community by foul and *actionable* names. What is it to him whether a man who hires out his lungs, or a woman who hires out her person, be, the one a knave and the other a demi-rep, if he is amused by the fantastic follies of the former, or charmed by the luxuriant display, and seducing affabilities of the latter? Moreover these little anecdotes, and the eagerness with which they are read, give an importance, not intrinsically their own, to theatrical people. They fancy themselves of consequence, and by all the talk or writing they hear and read about themselves, assume a rank in society to which they have no claim, and an impudence of demeanour which, paradoxical as it may seem, is by no means incompatible with the suppleness and crouching of the profession.

But to return to the subject of the action—a subject in which we think the Press peculiarly interested, and which it is necessary to put in a clear and intelligible point of view. For it has been argued that if the severity of *critique*, as it is called, induce a manager to discharge a player; that player has an action against the paper or book in which such a critique appears. This doctrine stops criticism at once; it is over, and the Press must silently submit to all the wanton abuse of a “hireling” lawyer, and the town to all the insufferable drivellers, whom Mr. Jones, or Mr. Crampton may engage for the Theatre. If this doctrine hold, no miscellany is free. If, for instance, we call Mr. Farren, who caricatures old men with such vulgarity, a low mannerist or a vile buffoon; or if we call his brother, who is so low bread in the fine gentleman, and so vulgar in the hero, an actor equally impudent and abominable—and that this *par nobile fratrum* are turned off by the manager in consequence, both of them would have an action against us for the loss of their engagement, and the profits of their benefit. If this were the case, what prevented Mr. Croker from being brought into a court of Justice? The thing could be easily done;—the manager has only to discharge a man, to swear that it was in consequence of a *Critique* that appeared in a pamphlet or a newspaper, and the Jury, if this law were once established, should find for the player. In the *Familiar Epistles*, Mr. Croker has given the following character of Mr. Williams:—

Next Williams comes, the rude and rough  
 With face most whimsically gruff;  
 Aping the careless sons of ocean,  
 He scorns each fine and easy motion;  
 Tight to his sides his elbows pins,  
 And dabbles with his hands like fins;  
 Would he display the greatest woe,  
 He slaps his breast, and points his toe;  
 Is merriment to be expressed?  
 He points his toe and slaps his breast.  
 His turns are swings, his step a jump,  
 His feelings fits, his touch a thump;

And

And violent in all his parts,  
He squeaks by gusts, and moves by starts.

Mr Croker adds in a note that Mr. Williams plays second-rate characters with fourth-rate abilities. Now disagreeing, as we do entirely, with our ingenious and fortunate countryman, on the merits of this gentleman—being of opinion, although his faults are exaggerated and overcharged in the above quotation, that notwithstanding he is a very excellent actor ; yet neither he nor Mr. Jones thought the words actionable, though according to the new doctrine, had he been dismissed at the time, and brought his action, he would be entitled to considerable damages. Speaking of Mrs. Williams, he calls her vulgar, low and pert, and more calculated for the servant's hall than the drawing-room—a

“ Nell in Lady's robes arrayed,  
This hash of Mistress and of maid.”—

He adds in a note that Mrs. Williams descended from high characters and contented herself with playing the chamber-maid. There are other gross insinuations in the passage which we have forborne to quote. Now we would wish to know, according to the present doctrine, why did not Mrs. Williams bring her action ? She lost character and fame and fine parts ; here was positive loss, or nothing can be so—her benefit was injured—her character traduced—and yet Mrs. Williams did not bring her action ! But it may not yet be too late—let her take advice, prove special loss, and she will be entitled to special damages.

But if Mr. Williams and his lady have been deeply injured, what language shall we use to convey our horror of the savage barbarity, with which Mr. Croker treats the abilities and exertions of Mr. King ? Is not the following an absolute invitation to assassinate this very meritorious gentleman ?—

Is there no follower of Russell,  
No friend to democratic bustle,  
No writer of the Northern Star,  
No poet of Morengo's war,

No rival of O'Quigly's fame,  
 No hater of the regal name,  
 To Free the Drama from a thing  
 So useless and so dull as King!

Now, if this be not down-right conspiracy to murder—if it be not more pointed, and more energetic in denunciation than the famous motto to the *Union Star*. “Is then an arm more lucky than the rest,” &c. then we are not judges of the English Language. As to being metaphorical or a joke, as Mr. Croker insinuates in a note, and by a very happy quotation from Horace, we trust, that when Mr. King brings his action, the Court will not be imposed upon by such mockery—they must understand things as they are spoken; and as to tropes and figures and jests, Mr. Croker may employ them in his *Battles of Talavera*, or in his examination of Mrs. Clarke, or in his pamphlet concerning the *State of Ireland, past and present*; but he must not meddle with such an important character as that of a player; he must not hint that he could a tale unfold of Mr. King's gallantries—(God forbid, however, that we should insinuate that Mr. King is a man of gallantry) for if he do, lo! the terrors of the law will be fulfilled upon him from the promethean lips of Mr. Goold. Still, in our opinion, an invitation to murder is certainly worse, than to accuse a man of gallantry—and we would therefore strenuously advise Mr. King to bring his action against the booksellers who vend so diabolical a work. We are really surprized that Mr. Rosborough and the Saints have not taken the matter up—but although Samuel plays a part himself (*Lady Mary Young*, for instance) now and then, and ought therefore to have a fellow feeling for the profession, we apprehend the Society for the Suppression of Vice, would not be very angry, if the play-house and all therein that are concerned, were at a place with the name of which, like polite preachers, we will not shock the delicate ears of our female readers. At all events we hope the Police will have an eye upon Mr. Croker, and will supply Mr. King with a guard of honor. But satisfied with having deserved well of our country, and of Mr. King by this timely advice, we recommend him to the protecting care of heaven, and to the activity of heaven's instrument Major S<sup>r.</sup>

But

But to descend from the language of cutting poetry to that of inhuman prose, why in the name of wonder were not actions brought by Mr. Huddart, and the other gentlemen of the theatre ? Of Mr. Huddart, for instance, a periodical writer speaks in the following manner.

Low indeed must that theatre be in talent, when a writer is forced to put forth Mr. *Huddart* as a tragedian of the second class. Mawkish and drawling in his tenderness, furious and foolish in his rage ; his under-tones however, are sometimes pathetic, and when he would not be great, he is even at intervals respectable. His *Dumont* in *Jane Shore* is the most passable of his performances, although it abounds in a puling monotony. But it is more endurable than his roar of *Osmond* which cracks in the middle, or the filthy story, in the same personage's dream, of the kiss of corruption, the recital of which is enough to sicken the stoutest stomach. It is generally acknowledged that Mr. Lewis in drawing the character of *Osmond* has "outheroded Herod." Fortunately for the audience, although Mr. *Huddart* has endeavoured to outherod Mr. Lewis, his powers are inadequate to the task. He preserves all that is unnatural and disgusting in the character—every thing that had the stamp of poetry or passion vanishes at the sound of his voice, or the idle energy of his gesticulation. But candor will allow that *Osmond* is a character in which a good actor might fail. Nevertheless, Mr. *Huddart*, it must be granted on the other hand, is not calculated for the higher walks of tragedy. He does not seem to be impudent or consequential. He will serve very well, with the aid of Mr. *Younger* to fill up the fatherly characters in the crying comedies of Inchbald, Morton, Cumberland, &c. But let him take care not to put more pathos in the part than the author has done. 'Tother night he appeared like a man half drunk in one of those sentimental melancholy characters. I am sure there were many who mistook his affectionate sorrows for the tender overflowings of a tippler in his cups.

Now we would ask the reader, is not this to say in other words that Mr. Huddart is a bad actor, and that he occasionally gets drunk ? Here is, we will boldly assert sufficient grounds for an action

action, and if Mr. Huddart can prove, as doubtless he may, that he lost his engagement at the theatre, and that his benefit was injured, we see no reason why he should not instantly bring his action. He declares that he was ruined by such critiques—he may now ruin the printer in return—as a suffering loyalist he *must* get compensation and we are entitled, we hope, to his gratitude for thus reminding him of what he owes to his country, his family and himself. But we have seen in print strictures, more severe even than these, against Mr. Huddart. It will be recollect-  
ed that last season there was a very handsome and promising young man of the name of Rae at Crow-street Theatre, between whom it was whispered, Mr. Huddart there was an histrionic rivalry. We do not pretend to subscribe to the credibility of the report—nor indeed is it necessary for our purpose. Both appear to have been treated with barbarous inhumanity, as will be evident from the following extracts, which must be acknowledg-  
ed, peculiarly well timed at this moment. The writer begins by proposing to take a review of such performers :

I proposed in my last to begin the present number of the REGISTER with a view of such performers on the Irish Stage, as are not entirely beneath notice. In the opinion of a captious and sarcastic critic, the first sentence should close his critical labours; for it is maintained that with an exception or two, all the motley tribe now on the Irish Stage are beneath our regards. From this harsh judgment, however, we beg leave to dissent. Indeed the writer says that even were he inclined to coincide in the opinion, his respect for the public who cherish and support an expensive institution, would induce him not only to examine the pretensions, however shallow and unfounded, of the performers, but, to question the taste and capabilities of those who have undertaken to provide for the public amusement. The latter branch of the investigation, he continues, I shall reserve for another opportunity, and content myself for the present with pass-  
ing in review before the reader *the Gentlemen and Ladies*, as in  
courtesy

courtesy we must call them, who "strut their little hour" upon the Dublin stage. Leaning upon my elbow to consider with whom I should commence, whom I should designate as holding the first rank in Tragedy, or the foremost place in the dominions of her sprightly sister, I find myself, to use the sportsman's phrase, completely at fault. The rivalry of mediocrity is so indistinct, that I find it almost impossible to choose a point "where first I should begin." So ballanced is the ridiculous rant of Mr. *Rae* with the maudling drawl of Mr. *Huddart*—such a contrast does the pert and uncomical frippery of Mr. *Lewis* exhibit to the melancholy fun of Mr. *Williams*; so nearly alike in degree, though dissimilar in nature, is the Yorkshire humour of Mr. *Johnson* and the prurient importunities of Mr. *Fulham*; that, without affectation I say it, I am really puzzled who to select as my hero. I had some notion of fixing my choice by lot, but having read a paragraph in a daily evening paper, notorious for the nauseating nonsense of its theatrical criticism, I concluded that Mr. *Rae* is considered as the buskined hero of the season. Without any other reason then, though I acknowledge it to be a very woman's one, I shall give the place of honor to

MR. *RAE*. It is an observation almost too ripe to be quoted, had not its appositeness in the present instance forced it upon my mind, that injudicious friends are infinitely more mischievous than declared enemies. This poor young man is likely to smart by the imprudence and folly of such friends. The daily prints prepared the play-going people for his approach as a star of the first magnitude. But the Evening print above alluded to, foremost in all kind of folly, and outstripping every competitor in the pointless absurdity and gigantic extravagance of its puff, so bedaubed Mr. *Rae* on his "first appearance in the Green-room," spoke so ridiculously of his fine form and beautiful face, of manhood struggling with youth in his shape and countenance, and such other shameless stuff, that Mr. *Rae*, if he had a spark of modesty or a grain of sense, neither of which I think he wants, must have blushed on reading it, to the fingers' ends, gnawed

gnawed his nails with very vexations, and not have held up his head for a week after. The puffs preliminary, however, although they rather tended to sharpen the acumen of the audience, than to awake a prepossession in favour of the actor, attracted a considerable "house." He chose OCTAVIAN in *The Mountaineers* for his *debut*—that Octavian which has been so finely pourtrayed and so miserably mangled—that favourite part of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Elliston, of the brisk attorney's clerk and of the smart tobacconist—which has been performed by every booby just bearded, who have been taught to spout at a "fashionable" school, and which had been exhibited to the gaping gawkies of a country barn, by every shoeless stroller that ever ranted since the play was published. Octavian, nevertheless, only it happens to be one of the shortest, would be one of the most difficult characters in the circle of the British drama. Although *outre*, and perhaps in many instances unnatural, it happens to be one of the best understood by the audience. The beauties in its representation must be striking to please, whereas the slightest defects shock the feelings, the reason, the fancy, or in a single word, the taste of an audience at once. This sensibility to the faults of the performance arises from the peculiarity and *uniqueness* of Octavian's character. He is a madman in love; but this is not all—he is a man of the most pathetic genius, and of sensibility the most delicate; he has lucid intervals, in which he utters the finest strains of poetry, and the most touching effusions of tenderness. A mechanical actor never can sustain this character, a dunce, though he may recite and rant, can never understand it. Now, I object, in the first instance, to the mechanism of Mr. Rae's performance. These artifices in a young actor are not promising. There is too much of the *labor luna* in his starts and attitudes; too close although at the same time, too injudicious an imitation of Mr. Kemble; "he polishes to the nail," he gives us the features, often the sentiments, sometimes the feelings, always the words of his author, but of Octavian, although a spirited imitation he has given but a faint resemblance. What could have induced the dolt, who writes "theatricals" in an Evening Print, to hold this young man up

to ridicule, by the unsparing profusion of his praise ? I hope it was not malice, for I can scarcely give him credit for so much ingenuity. Mr. *Rae* has also appeared in *HASTINGS*, a favourite character of Mr. Holman's. It was every way unlike that of his predecessor's meagre, insipid, and undignified. This young man is most injudiciously held up at present, and I fear is destined to descend too rapidly. With some ability, a tolerable person, and a little less rant he may fill the subordinate characters in tragedy with advantage, and may dash through pantomimes with success. If I mistake not he has modesty, a rare virtue at present among the performers, male or female on the Dublin Stage.

So much for Mr. *Rae*, whom, however, we should wish to see on our boards again, if it were only to take "the gentleman" out of the hands of the elder *Farren*. He was a modest, unassuming and very excellent young man, and played poetical character with success. It is a pity that he has been succeeded by one, every way, except in pretension, so much his inferior as this Mr. *Farren*. But as the quotation was introduced for the purpose of rendering the following extracts intelligible—we shall not detain the reader longer. The writer begins with the following lines from *Horace* :

Ambubiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,  
Mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne  
Mastum ac sollicitum—

"I am by no means surprised at the clamour, cries, and lamentations of the dramatic tribe, at the exclamations of illiberality which the rotten members of the sisterhood set up against enquiry, at the miserable crouching of some, and the noisy nonsense of others. I am not surprised that one fellow assumes the swagger of a bully, although within the precincts of a watch-house, or that another stoops to sculk in the occupation of a spy, although in the presence of a detector. The thing is natural, or at least it is professional ; and why should not every man, as Falstaff says, be allowed to labor in his vocation. But experience ought to teach these bombastic and saucy personages, that as they are beneath the notice of gentlemen, they can never expect to receive, what

in the language of gentlemen, is considered satisfaction. What could be more ridiculous than the boisterous absurdities of Mr. Holman, when the house were applying the CUCKOO to him and Mrs. Edwin? He made furious and impertinent speeches to the galleries and side lattices—the galleries and side lattices laughed at his oratory, and re-echoed the ominous cry at the conclusion of *the speech*. In fact, nothing can be so foolish, as well as so insolent, as for a player to set himself up against an audience—nothing betrays such a plentiful lack of understanding, nothing such an overweening and unpardonable vanity. The truth of this observation is exemplified in the case of the aforesaid Mr. Holman. A few mischievous young men *cuckooed* himself and Mrs. Edwin in their most loving and pathetic scenes. The interruption, no doubt, was very provoking, and too much, by far, for the temperance and philosophy of Mr. Holman. He spouted, and strutted, and ranted, but the audience laughed; and Mrs. Edwin, who, I am sure, was as pure as mountain snows, and as cold and chaste as Lapland frosts, Mrs. Edwin and Mr. Holman were both obliged to retire. Their enemies, if any professional enemies they had, must confess now that they are gone, that their places are most unworthily occupied by a set, which the charity of an Irish public permits to enjoy a temporary existence.

Indeed I cannot but deprecate the charity which has been most injudiciously extended to those people. To them it is eventually injurious, to the public taste it is decidedly destructive. If any half-cracked apprentice, or punch-swilling sot, who supposes that he has talents for the stage, is to be received with “distinguished applause,” there is no saying where the mania may terminate. Every butcher’s boy may think himself qualified to play the assassin in *Macbeth*, and any *funny* cobler may suppose himself equal to *Jobson* in *The Devil to Pay*. Thus it is that the stage is crowded with ignorance and vulgarity, impudence and pertness—that we see taylors forsaking their measures, hair-dressers their curling tongs, and men-milliners their counters, for the purpose of exhibiting themselves before an insulted public. It is true indeed, that the Irish are more difficult to be pleased in this way than their

neigh-

neighbours. They are not altogether to be satisfied with the refuse of the London Theatres, or with the sweepings of York, Manchester and Liverpool. They will not applaud the second hand heroes, whom the Manager thinks proper to impose upon them. This insult to their understanding they will repel, and they can only tolerate its existence, because there is no other place of public amusement; even the Horse Pantomimes are not open for the absorption of their leisure hours.

These preliminary remarks will be understood by those to whom they are directed. With regard to another class who have been fawning and suing for mercy, their insignificance, perhaps their meanness, will serve as a more permanent protection, than any they could hope to derive from entreaty, or from tears. Should either of the above descriptions require further elucidation of the allusions contained in the foregoing lines, I shall instantly comply with their request.

Before I proceed to lead the other performers through the ordeal, I must stop to notice the treatment which Mr. *Ras* has experienced from some persons in the theatre for the last two or three times of his appearance. In every scene and almost in every speech he was hissed—sometimes indeed deservedly, but often without any obvious cause. After the sentiments I have uttered, after the tone in which they were couched, it will not be suspected that I object to any individual hissing at, most heartily, the vulgarity, rant or imbecility of an actor or actress—on the contrary, I am rejoiced that the play-going people of Dublin have adopted the only method which can effectually scare presumption and ignorance from the boards, or teach an overcunning, insolent, or tricking manager, if such hereafter they happen to have, (for no one can apply those epithets to Mr. Jones, or to Mr. Crampton,) to treat with deference that public to whom they owe a splendid revenue. I am glad that the people have become their own judges—that they will not receive an actor upon the recommendation of those who are interested in purchasing them at the cheapest market—that they will not stamp the base metal of Birmingham

with the currency of their approbation, that they will not pay too high a price for the coarse fabrics of Manchester and York, and that they are not content with the roar or the grimace which please the sailors and slave-merchants of Liverpool. This is certainly matter of gratulation to every, one whose taste is not vitiated, and whose national feelings are not deadened—to every one who entertains the opinion which I hold, that a Dublin audience is superior in point of taste and discrimination to that of any other in the empire. It will not therefore, I say, be suspected that in noticing the personality with which Mr. *Rae* has been treated, I deprecate the exercise of an undoubted right. I think him but a very middling actor, and I am not sure, whether, in most instances, that part of the audience, who annoyed him, were in the wrong—but I object against the partial and unfair exercise of their authority. Why not hiss Mr. *Huddart* and Mr. *Duff*? Neither of those gentlemen surely can pretend to any pre-eminence in their profession. If those who hiss Mr. *Rae* are actuated by a public and generous feeling—well. I doubt, however, whether this be the case. There was something too pointed and personal by far in their manner—there was something like a *set* made at him—something very like the spirit of party manifested through the entire of their disapprobation. On Saturday night this mean hostility was so apparent, as frequently to call from the less interested portion of the audience, much ill-timed and injudicious applause, in order to counteract the clamour of some personal enemies of Mr. *Rae*, or some foolish partisans of another performer. It could not be expected that under such circumstances, Mr. *Rae* would be enabled to preserve the equanimity, spirit, and self-possession, so indispensable in a public performer. Accordingly, it would not be candid to draw his portrait as an actor from the characters which he has recently sustained. Let us give him fair play, or if we are resolved to get rid of indifferent actors, let us hoot off the whole together, and Mr. *Crampton* or Mr. *Jones* must, in their own defence, supply us with others. That I feel no peculiar partiality for Mr. *Rae* is abundantly evident from the tenor of these strictures. Indeed I am induced to notice the treatment he has experienced merely from an

opinion,

opinion, founded. I think, upon tolerable grounds, that he owes this hostility to the friends of Mr. *Huddart*, or of Mr. *Duff*, if the latter have any.

On Saturday night last Mr. *Rae* was perpetually hissed in *Adrian*, while a few gentlemen in the Upper Lattices, received every *entre* of Mr. *Huddart* with the most mismanaged and injurious plaudits. If this conduct were meant to raise Mr. *Huddart* upon the ruin of his competitor, nothing could be more injudiciously conceived, for nothing, I am persuaded, could eventually prove more prejudicial to Mr. *Huddart*. The generous part of the public would take Mr. *Rae*, or even a worse actor under their protection, and Mr. *Huddart* not having genuine talents to support him, would soon sink, in spite of his party, in the public estimation *even below his level*. I am willing, however to hope that neither Mr. *Huddart*, nor his friends had any concern in this most mean and unmanly business. If they had any, it is not difficult to foresee his speedy downfall. And yet under what other presumption are we to account for the transaction? It could not be upon Mr. *Huddart's* superior acting. Mr. *Rae* had surely as much spirit in *Adrian*, as the former had dignity in *Altemberg*. If Mr. *Rae* were deemed unequal to Mr. *Henry Johnstone*, surely Mr. *Huddart* must have sunk below contempt when we recollect the masterly and gentlemanlike delineation of that character by Mr. *Holman*. I grant that both are very indifferent, but of the two, Mr. *Rae* is the more endurable.

The foregoing lines were written in the early part of the week, and when the impression of the injustice with which I think Mr. *Rae* has been treated, was fresh in my mind. I thought with many about me, that to Mr. *Huddart's* friends we were to attribute this treatment; and yet on Thursday night one would be almost inclined to lay the blame at the door of Mr. *Duff's* partizans. The tragedy of *Isabella* was played on that night to what is called a very respectable house. It is needless to say, that with the exception of Miss *Smith*, it was most wretchedly sustained. Never, surely, were an audience insulted

with such a mob. To see one of the first actresses upon any stage ; perhaps after Mrs. Siddons, the very first, sustain the whole burthen of the performance ; to see her struggle to maintain the illusion of the scene against the awkwardness, the drawl, the rant, and the absurdities of those around her, excited the pity as well as the admiration of one part of the audience, and the resentment of the other. But that one actor should be singled out for their disapprobation, where all were guilty, that the phial of their wrath should be poured upon the head of one, merely because he happened, in the first instance, to be foolishly puffed ; or because, what is more probable, there is a rivalry for place between himself and a townsman, is equally abhorrent to the justice and generosity of an Irish Public. Nothing can be conceived more awkward than Mr. Duff, or apparently more ignorant of the text he had to deliver. Indeed, lightly as I think of Mr. Rae, I should not insult him by the comparison. I should be glad to hear from any of the theatrical adepts, to which of those two **IRISHMEN**, or whether to either we are to attribute the unworthy opposition which an **ENGLISHMAN** has experienced. In the mean time I have to apologize to my readers for detaining them so long upon a Stage Squabble ; conscious as I am that they can feel no other interest in Mr. Huddart or in Mr. Rae, than as it may serve to expose the dirty passions of the profession, and the miserable management of the theatre."

Now if Mr. Huddart from the foregoing most brutal and barbarous attack upon his acting, has not sufficient grounds to lay an action, why then there will be no end to the licentiousness of the press. No character, public or private can be free ; no actor, however excellent, will be spared. Let him in the name of God therefore bring the Printer before a Court of Justice, and settle business at once.

Feeling as we do, that by these copious extracts, we have done considerable service to the theatre, by showing to what depravity a writer will stoop when he is malignant, we trust that Mr. Huddart will make as good use of them and that all the other

" public

" public characters" (for Messrs. N. Jones, King, Good, &c. are public characters, and so is the public executioner—we mean not to disparage the virtues or abilities of the former) will duly consider, of what savage use a pen is in the hand of a man who has neither the fear of Mr. Goold nor of the Manager before his eyes; and thus considering, that they will stop inflammatory and defamatory accounts which appear of their acting and actions in books and papers. Their insolence, indeed, was never more glaringly exercised, than in the following critique (as they call it) upon Miss Walstein,

" This lady has deteriorated very much, I will not say in public estimation, but certainly in the opinion, or, in the prejudices of those who have recently undertaken the mismanagement of the theatre. At one time, to use the stage cant, she was a *star* of the first magnitude; figured in Tragedy, like a Siddons, and was in comedy every thing that a very amiable person, and a very grave, though genteel countenance would allow her. *Jane Shore* and *Letitia Hardy*, *Lady Macbeth* and *Nell Jolson*, all were received with equal welcome, and performed with equal ability. But Mrs. Edwin interrupted the full tide of popularity, and at least divided the palm. A better comedian than Miss Walstein, more intriguing, perhaps, and ambitious, she soon found means to leave her competitor for the theatrical throne behind. The comic muse, always more attractive to the multitude than her sober sister, occupied the stage night after night, and Mrs. Edwin generally attended as her chief priestess. Miss Walstein was thrown into the insignificant and subordinate parts. The study of those she generally neglected, as beneath her powers, and thus rendered very indifferent parts worse by her indifference. To this the public could not be blind, and although they cursed that despotism which compelled her to be an attendant of Mrs. Cooke, or to play subordinately to Mrs. Stewart, they saw but too plainly that the mortifications she was compelled to undergo made her listless and inattentive. Hence her long and wearying stops, the hiatus which marks the conclusion of every line, and the increased attention which bestows upon the prompter. On the de-

parture

parture of Mrs. Edwin, it was expected that she would regain some of her influence ; but here again, the destinies were unpropitious. Miss Smithcame forth as a first rate tragedian, and she was flung back into comedy, or compelled to play second fiddle to the new-comer. I rather think that these continued circumstances have destroyed her emulation, and that the evident retrogression which her most ardent friends must acknowledge in her acting, has been the effect of a mortified and disappointed spirit. I lament it, but the case is so. In tragedy she is monotonous and declamatory—in comedy sentimental, although unimpassioned. Nevertheless it would be unfair to deny to her Jane Shore and Letitia Hardy, a very considerable portion of praise. At a future opportunity I may enter more minutely into particulars. In the mean time I am happy to perceive that Miss Walstein consoles herself by the comfort and *respectability* of a neat chariot for the mortifications she has endured at the Theatre. This circumstance also proves that, when an Actress in a second line of business can afford to keep a coach, Mr. Jones is not altogether so parsimonious or illiberal, as his enemies represent him."

The foregoing, the reader will see, is no criticism. It is a series of sarcasms, and of efforts at *making points*, which are generally unsuccessful. The malignant inuendo concerning the Coach, towards the conclusion, is at once insidious and assassinating. For what, we would ask, can the writer mean ? In our opinion, it is quite as bad as if he said *he could a tale unfold*. Now Miss Walstein's deportment on the stage and in her coach, is that of a gentlewoman. The very character of her face, her gentle and penetrating eye, her pensive and soul-touching smile—the graceful cantour of her countenance, and the delicate self-possession and intelligence that plays upon her features, must awake, in despite of all scandal, an interest in every bosom that throbs with feeling, and in every fancy that is refined by taste. Of her acting we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. We introduce the quotation merely for the purpose of showing to Mr. Gold, that it is quite as actionable as Mr. Dwyer's *tale*.

The following was the *critique* for which he brought his action, but upon which, however, he did not recover. This is material, because a misapprehension seems to have obtained upon this subject. The Judge particularly desired the Jury to leave it out of their consideration in awarding the quantum of damages.

Nay, CANDIDE, you must wait—your letter has been received your critique on Mrs. Jordan's acting, I consider for the most part correct; I agree in all the pretty things you have said about her—because in truth these pretty things I have said myself. For the present, it is necessary that I should pay my compliments to a very important Gentleman, whom the daily papers told us our sapient managers invited from London, to play the *first line of Comedy*. This gentleman, whose name is Dwyer, appeared in *Charles Surface* in Mr. Sheridan's immoral but witty Comedy, *The School for Scandal*. His person is good, but without gracefulness, and his face is tolerably handsome, but totally void of expression. Of the excellence of both, however, he appears fully conscious, and indeed I should be apt to forgive him a contemptible, it is true, a girlish piece of vanity, but one in which persons of his profession generally indulge, had he not added to a self-satisfied forwardness on this score, the most preposterous conceit as to his comic powers. Had he passed off in the usual way, had he spoken “what was set down for him and no more”—had he not obtruded himself on the public, had not his pretensions been so very high, and his performance so very jejune and abortive, I should have passed him off as I did Mr. Duff, with a sneer at his folly, and a reproof to his impertinence. He might for me have departed to the tomb, “to the tomb of the Capulets,” without memento or notice, if he did not set up for what, in theatrical cant, is called a *Star*, that is, a player of the first water, a Lewis\*, a Palmer, or a Talbot. Had he enacted the walking gentleman, had he kept, as he ought to have done, in the back ground with the Simpsons, and Joneses, and Duffs, why I would have treated him, as I treated those, contemptuously indeed, but not very severely. But when a fellow or his friends tell the public that he is a genteel comedian, that he can act

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\* The reader will not mistake the Lewis I mean.

your *Benedicts*, and *Doricourts*, and *Mirabels*, in short, that he can play with Mrs. Jordan, better than Simpson or Jones can do, it is high time to humble his conceit, and to tell him in return, that the only advantage he possesses over Nicholas Jones, in point of histrionic capability, arises solely from the adventitious superiority of his face and person. Indeed had Jones a little more polish, if he could by any effort of his art assume the deportment and manners of a gentleman, I should prefer his ugly face and clumsy person, to the studious display of limb and lineament affected by Mr. Dwyer. He has in the first place a better voice. It does not come from him as if it were *pumped* from an almost exhausted well; he does not strangle the articulation of whatever sentence he has to deliver; the words, such as they are, reach the ear entire and un mutilated; the delivery is not accompanied by an unmeaning grin, nor the chasm supplied, nor the inadvertencies stifled by a forced and unnatural laugh. His action, still bearing in mind his inferiority in point of person and face, is unquestionably more appropriate—and his conception of character, beyond all comparison, superior. *Besides Nicholas Jones is never imperfect in his part*—he never addresses his ear to the prompter, or supplicates the person with whom he is acting for a word; nor does he ever presume to offer *strut* and assurance, for the deficiencies necessarily derived from a treacherous memory, or culpable negligence. These may be wounding words, but they are really called for by the presuming and consequential airs of Mr. Dwyer. I shall now, with the reader's leave, proceed to particulars. It will be recollected, and indeed it has often been repeated that this man came to Dublin to perform the higher characters in genteel comedy. Now those higher characters are *Mirabel*, *Doricourt*, *Benedict*, &c. &c.

Of those enumerated above, *Benedict*, on account of the phraseology, as well as for other obvious reasons which it is unnecessary here to mention, is, in my opinion by far the most difficult. “The paper pellets of the brain” which pass with such quickness between himself and *Beatrice* must be emitted with dexterity to be successful—the points must tell, the mark must

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be hit—the ball must be taken at the bound, or the whole drift of the dialogue, and all the wit of Shakespeare will go for nothing. Now the mere stager who gets his part by heart, and repeats it without hesitation—the man of mere common sense and common experience, such as my friend, Nicholas Jones, for instance, or Mr. Simpson, with all their toil and talents, would never be able to play Benedict. It requires some subtlety to catch the coruscation, and some wit to conduct the flash. He must be a man of readiness and talent, who can even read with effect the part of Benedict. This character, however, was undertaken by Mr. Dwyer, and sad indeed was the work he made of it. Mrs. Jordan is not a favourite Beatrice of ours, but it would be grossly unjust to attribute the indifference with which this excellent comedy was received to her acting. She not only knows her business, but she has genius enough to give with all their excellence, though perhaps not with all their grace, the sentiments of Shakespeare. In this part, however, she failed, and why? because instead of receiving support she was annoyed by Mr. Dwyer. If he were as perfect in the scene, as a parson's clerk is in the creed, he would be unequal to Benedict. How then could it be performed when he could not repeat it by rote? It was in fact the most miserable piece of fustian I ever saw, and though by no means kind to Mrs. Jordan, I own I pitied her endeavour to play with a man and prompt him at the same time. Of his Doricourt I shall only say, that between his and Mr. Rae's personation of the character, (I put Talbot out of the question) there is no comparison whatever. Nay, I will go farther; I will venture to say that that stupid, forward and ignorant Duff, who is to play the character to-night, will perform it at least as well as Mr. Dwyer.

But it is to Mr. Dwyer's *Mirabel* and to the incident which occurred, when *THE INCONSTANT* was played, that I have particularly to devote my attention. To this I am induced by having witnessed the confusion, as well as by certain efforts, which the friends of Mr. Dwyer have made with the Printer. They or he, through the medium, as he informs me, of some friends, applied

plied at the Office of this Paper with a request, that in mentioning the *dispute* between Mrs. Jordan and "our fellow citizen" (so is Duff) we should rather incline to the gentleman's side. Now, to say nothing of the request, this surely was not very gallant. But it seems that because I spoke severly of the manner in which Mrs. Jordan had been received in private society—because I said it was a shame that a woman, notoriously a concubine, should be publicly cherished and received by Sir Jonah Barrington's lady, should be introduced into the circle of the Alboroughs and Mountmorresses, of the Atkinsons and Lefanu—because in delivering my opinions, I was necessarily compelled, and I do again declare reluctantly, to probe wounds which perhaps were closed, and to recur to anecdotes which might have been better forgotten,—did Mr. Dwyer, therefore, suppose, that I would make a personal matter of it—that I would join in his quarrel forsooth, and that I would weaken what I before delivered upon the subject of Mrs. Jordan, by espousing his contemptible side? My object with respect to this lady has been answered. I have reason to believe that I have checked the progress of her acquaintance in Dublin, that her *levee*, as the *Evening Post* said, is not so fully or fashionably attended, and with the exception of the aforesaid Lady Barrington, who has a son intended for the army, of Lady Alborough, whose character and family are every way so respectable, of Mrs. Lefanu, who to do her justice, on account of Mrs. JORDAN's connection with her brother, Mr. Sheridan, cannot well avoid her company, of my friend Atkinson, the common Macenas of Dublin, and whose house is the resort of all the theatrical and poetical genius in the kingdom;—with those and a few other exceptions, which I do not care at present to designate, I believe Mrs. Jordan has not found the Irish Ladies altogether so accommodating, as I am afraid they would have been, had no such Print as this existed. But having accomplished my object, having done an acceptable service to the cause of morality, or at least of its necessary attendant, decorum, I shall say no more on this point. Mr. Dwyer, therefore, and his friends, are quite mistaken in my character and motives. If I compelled Mrs. Jordan to pass through an ordeal, it was on public principles only—I was influenced by no private motive,

motive ; for how could I ? by no party spleen, for here no party existed ; by no personal favouritism, for I will leave to the public to decide on the impartiality of the chastisement, which, I believe, all the *Corps Dramatique* have from time to time received at my hands.—I am sorry indeed that I cannot oblige the friends of my printer, but while I have the command of this department it shall never be debased.

To return to Mr. Dwyer. In his first scene with Mrs. Jordan it was evident he laboured under considerable embarrassment, and it was soon apparent that this first rate actor had not really got his lesson by heart. However, he was tolerated by an audience, who carry their good nature to a fault, and who owe to its indulgence the wretched set of performers with which they are insulted. It is high time indeed, that, since Squire Crampton, or Mr. Frederick Jones take so little of the trouble of management on their hands, the audience should assume that power which is ultimately vested in them, and which power may be exercised by not suffering an indifferent performer to play a high character. A little determination on their part would accomplish this object until another theatre could be erected. The people of Dublin have paid to Mr. Jones and the Dublin Company, a sum of nearly 40,000*l.* this season. For this sum certainly they have a right to demand better actors than Mr. Dwyer and his compeers—but I have too frequently digressed from this gentleman. Notwithstanding his affectation and bluster, and his effort to carry it off, his embarrassment increased until he absolutely came to a full stop. Mrs. Jordan necessarily felt embarrassed also. It was one of the best scenes in the play, the one in which Mr. Talbot shone, with such lustre and which, from the specimen she had just given, Mrs. Jordan must have acted so incomparably. At length being compelled to request him to proceed, Mr. Dwyer stepped forward to speech it to the House. In consequence, he said, of the lady's calling on him, he found it necessary to appeal to the audience. And of what, gentle reader, do you think the appeal consisted ? Why, that he undertook Mirabel to accommodate Mrs. Jordan, and

and that he had not time to study it? To accommodate Mrs. Jordan! How could it accommodate her? I dare say she would have been better pleased with Mr. Duff, as most certainly I should.—But there was a degree of insolence in the manner of the man which could be only equalled by the folly of the excuse. He had not time to study the part. Time! why, did he not come here to play the first line of character? and is not Mirabel one of the most prominent? did he not know that Bizarre was one of Mrs. Jordan's best parts?—But we will ask a more home question: *did he not give in Mirabel as one of the characters he promised to perform?* And yet the man speaks of time. Contemptible and ridiculous subterfuge! I am not sorry, however, that he failed, for although he may be sufficiently disagreeable to the public to please Mr. Jones, I trust that this scene will save us from the mortification of having him quartered upon us for a future season.”

The foregoing is followed by some hints concerning Dwyer's character, in which he is accused of certain gallantries, and threatened with an exposure. It is upon this latter paragraph that the counsel for the Plaintiff as well as the Judge relied, and it was in consequence of the injuries alledged to have been sustained by insinuations against his character, that the Jury found their verdict. All were, no doubt, influenced by the most just and honourable motives; but is there a man of common understanding who does not perceive that he owed his misfortune, not to the *squib* about his gallantries, but to the bitter critique we have inserted above? Now that critique the Judge acknowledged to be justifiable—if he sustained loss, it was from the severity with which he was treated and he could not, by possibility, show that it was in consequence of a silly paragraph about his obscure amours. A material question in our mind, which we do not recollect to have been asked, would settle the matter immediately. It is this. What time did Mr. Crampton and Mr. Huddart inform Dwyer that they did not think it advisable to engage him? Was it before or after the last publication, in which the libel appeared? If it were before, then the damages which Dwyer sustained were in consequence of

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the critique only. Now the Judge acknowledged that it was completely justifiable, to tell the public that an actor was a bad one; it seems almost insulting that the public should apply to the Bench for such information. Now a bad actor ought to be discharged, and of course, he must suffer by the loss of his engagement—but would it not be monstrous, that every pitiful stroller should have an action against a printer who should tell the world that he was not a *star* of the first magnitude, that he was not a Kemble or a Braham?

If for instance we should prefer the elegant and gentleman-like deportment of Mr. Talbot, to the vulgar and confident gait of Mr. Farren—if in the one we discovered the man of fashion without a tincture of pertness, and in the other the smart *buckeen* or the knowing cit—if we asserted that while one should enact the noblemen, the other ought to play the *Valet-de-chambre*; would it not be very strange indeed if the latter gentleman should threaten us with an action of damages, for the injury done by such exposure, to his fame, to his feelings, or to his interest? Again if we said, that in playing the old man there was more truth, nature and character in Mr. Fullam, than in Mr. Farren—that the richness, simplicity and inimitable testiness of the one, were very ill compensated by the harsh and dissonant voice, by the gross and angular extravagance, by the casual lankness of person and *ferretness* of face, with which nature has *gifted* the latter—would it not, we say, be very singular that the last mentioned gentleman, although his feelings must inevitably have been injured, by such a statement, should bring an action to heal his wounded sensibilities, as far as mere dross may be supposed to operate as a balsam?

Nay, if we went further and told Mr. Crampton or Mr. Jones that they treated an old servant of the public with unjustifiable neglect—by putting an inferior actor into his place—by giving to a man who might make a figure in a caricature or in a farce, those parts which require discrimination, and propriety and talent; would not Mr. Jones or Mr. Crampton say, that we were injuring them with the public, by questioning their judgment,

ment, and by necessary implication, invading *their property*? And if they could prove, as doubtless they might have witnesses to prove, that our strictures were attended with the consequences of which they complained, would they not, if this principle were recognized, have a fair action for damages against any printer, who presumed to question their competence, or the competence of their performers? If this be just then has Sir John Caw been most unjustly dealt with by Lord Ellenborough and an English Jury—The knight proved special, positive damages yet was the Traveller, as well as his witnesses laughed out of court. But indeed the matter admits not of argument—The actor and the stage are still fair game, and the recent decision, in the Common Pleas, instead of operating as a restraint will serve to quicken the spirit of theatrical writer, and to point the dramatic period with greater subtlety, and with aggravated force. The sting, if we mistake not, will be more acute and irritating, because while it is aimed at vital infirmities, it will be launched by a steddy and more prudent hand.

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#### ANECDOTE OF M. LARIVE,

*The French Tragedian.*

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THE voice is the echo of the thoughts and sentiments. Its sound occasionally makes a deeper impression on the memory, than the lineaments of the face. The celebrated actor, LARIVE, went, some time after playing the part *Orosman*, to buy a steel chain. Enquiring for one, the woman in the shop started, and fixing her eyes upon him, remained in a state of immoveable astonishment, without making any answer. LARIVE repeated his question more earnestly. No reply. Impatient, and nearly in a passion, he exclaimed—“What the deuce is there wonderful in asking for a watch chain?” “I beg your pardon, sir,” replied the woman, “but you really have such an extraordinary voice—  
tell

tell me, sir, pray tell me who you are, and all I have is at your service?" " My 'name,'" said he, " is LARIVE, and I am a tragedian." The woman had scarcely heard the name, when she caught Larive's head between her hands, crying out, " *Ab, malheureux ! c'est vous qui avez assassiné Zaïre !*" LARIVE not knowing whether to be angry or pleased, got into his carriage, and for some distance he could see her with extended arms, exclaiming " *Ab ! mon dieu, mon dieu ! qui l'auroit cru ?*"

Another time, the same LARIVE passed the night at an inferior sort of inn. In a neighbouring room was a capuchin, who chattered so much, that LARIVE could not sleep a wink. Getting up, he crept gently to the door, and putting his mouth to a hole, pronounced with all his force, these verses from *Mahomet* :

*Allez, vil idolâtre, et pour ne toujours l'être  
Indigne capuchin, cherchez un autre maître.*

All was hushed. In the morning the host asked LARIVE whether he had heard any thing in the night? " No," said he, " I slept very well." The host sighed. " You seem very sorrowful," said LARIVE, " what has happened to you?" " Oh sir," replied the host, " last night—last night a reverend capuchin came here to see us, and whilst he was drinking a cup of liquor, and discoursing with my children about religion, he heard a terrible voice, which seemed to issue from hell, and which inveighed so against the reverend father, that, almost terrified to death, he made his escape, and no one knows what has become of him.



## INVENTION.

THERE is a sapient remark which has been lately made, that the moderns have no merit in the invention of printing, because the *ancients* had led the way by their seals and other stamps. The fact has been long noticed, and its tendency to introduce printing remarked.

But the merits consists in the *application*, after the art had been dormant in these, its elements, for so many ages.†

There is the *Mercury* with his winged hat, and his winged sandals, prefixed to the *Ramarques* of *Vaugelas*; the same *Mercury* with the same symbols had existed more than two thousand years before. There was merit in the application generally to a *grammatical essay*, or any *hermeneutic* work. But the thought is much more refined and ingenious when with the title, *Epea Pteroenta* (*winged words*) ‡, the same figure untying his sandals, and taking off his winged hat, is allegorically applied to denote the analysis of those *abbreviated words*, *conjunctions*, &c. by which *speech* is expedited.

## LOUISA.

You frolick Zephyrs brisk away,  
And on Cleora's bosom play,  
In the mid sun your pinions twirl,  
To frenzy fan the ardent girl,  
Let the plump, lively wanton know  
The sigh, the hope, the hint, the glow,  
The pressure bold of quick desire,  
The rapid pulse, the glance of fire!

Begone

† *Archelaus Physicus*, the preceptor of *Socrates*, touched on moral discipline, before his pupil, "sed ita emendavit, adauxit, et ampliavit *Socrates*, ut *inventoris famam reportaret.*" Preface to *Plato*. Cantab 1673. *Editor.*

§ *Frontispiece* to Part I. of *Tooke's Diversions of Purley*.

Begone, and riot in the rays,  
 Which in the eyes of Laura blaze ;  
 Go—and the roseat nectar sip,  
 Which blooms on Bella's ruby lip ;  
 Or sport the magic of your wiles  
 Amid Matilda's mazy smiles ;  
 Away ! with giddy pleasure rove,  
 And leave with me Louisa's love.

Soft as the rosy hopes which rise,  
 At dawn, on fancy's fragrant skies ;  
 Mild as the breath which wakes the day ;  
 Pure as the dews that star the spray,  
 Gentle as Peace, as Pity kind,  
 In heart a maid, a saint in mind,  
 In beauty rich, but far above,  
 My sweet Lousia's rich in love !

Within my breast, O ! dearest maid,  
 Thy image lives in truth arrayed ;  
 The pure, fond influence which flew  
 From thy meek eye of azure blue  
 Still gently wanders thro' each vein,  
 And absence robs of half its pain,  
 My heart still feels the faithful beam  
 My day delight, myightly dream !

When thy soft bosom sought relief,  
 And thy fair eye was quenched in grief ;  
 The tender tear that gushed so warm,  
 And dimmed the lustre of each charm,  
 More precious than the stars which shine,  
 So radiant in the Indian mine—  
 Faithful I'll treasure in my breast,  
 Love's pledge and prelude to be blest !

That

That sigh, my fondest, truest fair,  
 Thy baird in ev'ry breath shall bear ;  
 'Mid tempest and devouring steel,  
 That sigh, my truest love, I'll feel ;  
 Should fortune all my hopes o'erthrow,  
 That sigh shall soften ev'ry woe ;  
 If joy be mine—that sigh shall be  
 The gale that wafts my soul to thee.

---

## THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

AIR,—“ *Said a smile to a tear.*”

A hair-bell one day,  
 To a jonquil did say,  
 (The sun beaming bright in spring weather : )  
 Let's set off to yon bower,  
 And beguile half an hour,  
 In amorous pastime together.

The blushing jonquil,  
 At first took it ill,  
 That to her he such language should use, sir,  
 But at last, (silly plant ! )  
 Overcome by his cant,  
 Cried, “ I cannot your offer refuse, sir.”

Of her fatal consent,  
 She soon had to repent,  
 She had, sure as mutton is mutton ;  
 For in less than a year,  
 The jonquil, it is clear,  
 Lay-in of a *bachelor's button* !

Jonquil

Jonquil had a brother,  
 Who made a sad pother,  
 Crying, " Oh ! my sad sister betray'd is,  
 And swore that the law  
 Should redress his faux-pas  
 Of the hair-bell—a Turk 'mongst the ladies.

Then away did he trudge,  
 To a *cauliflower* judge,  
 And to him did the sad tale relate ;  
 Taking pains to describe,  
 That the whole jonquil tribe,  
 Were involv'd in his sister's hard fate.

Here the grave Magistrate,  
 Shook his wig on his pate,  
 And vow'd that the fuss he'd soon settle—  
 So he ha'd and he hem'd,  
 And the hair-bell condemn'd,  
 To marry a prudish old *nettle* !

Now in *fair Townsend-Street*,  
 There is seen a retreat,  
 For girls, who at times have been frisky :  
 And 'twas thre that he sent  
 The jonquil to repent,  
 Where she revels, talks slang, and drinks whiskey.

## MORAL.

Ye fond maidens so fair !  
 Of that man, ah ! beware,  
 Who too warmly on virtue descants,  
 For, believe me, 'tis true,  
 A good lesson for you,  
 May be learnt from the loves of the plants.

THE

## THE RIVAL ROSES.

Long time two rival roses led,  
 Britannia's sons to fight,  
 Still flushed with anger bloom'd the red,  
 Still pale with rage tho' white.

" O silly flowers ! in friendship live ;"  
 Cried Anna, " nothing loth,  
 For know henceforth I mean to give  
 My countenance to both."

Her words their ancient ire efface,  
 War ceased his stormy weather,  
 And now both flow'rs—on Anna's face,  
 Blend lovingly together.

## NOTICE.

THE length to which the foregoing articles have extended, and the interest which at this moment the subjects have acquired, will serve, we hope, as an apology for omitting other matters, which were in readiness for this month's publication, and indeed *in type*. Among these were the Continuation of SIR JOHN MOORE'S LIFE ; the TALE OF ANN OF LEIXLIP ; the LETTERS ON IRELAND BY AN ENGLISHMAN ; a LETTER UPON THE DISHONESTY OF SOME LOW APOTHECARIES IN DUBLIN ; a Copy of Verses by a GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY ; the POLITICAL STATE of IRELAND, and an ANALYTICAL SUMMARY OF FOREIGN POLITICS. Neither would the nature of the foregoing Essay, allow us to treat of the Stage in the regular manner in which we had proposed. This, however, is the less to be regretted on this occasion, as we trust, that the Review

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given this month, although incidental to the discussion of a general principle, will not be found altogether without entertainment. We had also prepared a "Masquerade" for the amusement of our readers, in which, though there might be some jokes, there was neither vulgarity nor slander.

By the way, we have received a letter from a gentleman of considerable civic distinction in town, concerning a very gross and stupid catch-penny, written against our very worthy Lord Mayor, and many of the Ladies and Gentlemen who were present at his Masquerade. The thing is published and printed by the Bookseller of the Satirist, and comes in all probability from some hungry retainer of that gang. The initials of C—e, and S—l, and C—r—y have been hinted at in our Correspondent's Letter—but we are not able to decipher the two first, and we must have stronger grounds before we can brand the latter. This, however, is of no consequence, for the publication is so very mean, and vulgar; and its virulence is so very feeble, that we should as soon think of inquiring into the habits of a pick-pocket, or the character of a swindler, as to inquire into the lives and actions of the pitiful scribes.

But our Correspondent acquaints us with one most singular circumstance, connected with this farrago, and which if it shall turn out to be well-founded, cannot fail of affording one of the richest banquets upon which RIDICULE ever regaled. He declares positively, that a worthy Alderman whom he names, is at the bottom of the plot—that this Alderman, whose name for obvious reasons, we shall not mention at present, has indemnified the Printer against the consequences of an action, and that he absolutely hawked the trumpery in his pocket about the streets. We cannot believe these assertions, and least

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least of all, is it possible to credit the last. What! an Alderman of the City of Dublin, identify himself with the base refuse concerned in the Satirist! it cannot be. An Alderman bear a low envy against the Lord Mayor, because the latter had the good fortune to be Chief Magistrate in the Jubilee year, and to be made a Baronet.

But what renders the tale totally incredible, and what serves to invalidate, beyond the power of argument, the authority of our Correspondent, is the assertion, that the Alderman in question hawked about this scurvy pamphlet; stopped his acquaintances in the street, asked them eagerly if they saw the precious moreau, and produced his tenpenny slander with as much exultation, as his Grandfather would one of the Drapier's Letters, or his Father (for we believe he had both,) one of the Addresses of Junius. It is impossible, we say, that a grave Alderman should stoop to be the vender, or we should rather have said, the propagator of trash every way so infamous as that contained in the production to which we allude—and all to gratify a spleen against one of the worthiest Chief Magistrates we ever had. The thing, we repeat it, is impossible—it is monstrous. And yet with this idle tale, there is a strange, but we are assured, a true, story intimately connected. It is said that the Alderman in question absolutely received a letter, menacing a prosecution—that he exhibited the most palpable consternation thereupon, and that he appealed to heaven and earth, and was upon the point of making a most solemn appeal to an oath, in order to attest his innocence!





*The R<sup>t</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lord Pierrepont Manners.*

*Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.*